THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. V, NO. 28.—AUGUST, 1873.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE GUARDIAN OF SOCIETY, AND THE TRUE UPHOLDER OF LAW, ORDER, AND LIBERTY.

THAT there exists, among a large portion of our people, a deep-rooted antipathy to the Church no careful observer of events can deny. This antipathy is not confined to the uneducated and unlettered, it is observable amongst all ranks of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, not excluding those who make the loudest professions of tolerance, and lay claim to the highest intelligence. It is true that this sentiment is not as widespread as it was in the past, but that it is even yet unaccountably rancorous is patent to all of us who are thrown into contact with non-Catholics, and who are familiar with the contents of sectarian publications. The diffusion of intelligence and the more general intercourse of Catholics with their sectarian fellow-citizens have done much towards the eradication of the false impressions which were entertained regarding our doctrines and practices, but, unfortunately, the literature from which the latter derive their mental pabulum is, as a rule, unfriendly to us, while our refutations rarely reach those whose minds have been poisoned by the noxious calumnies which issue from the pulpit, the rostrum, and the sanctum.

It may not be agreeable to our national pride to admit that, while we are the most ravenous readers in the world, we are prone to swallow our literary food in an imperfectly masticated condition, and as such a violation of the laws of health in the physical order will assuredly result in the derangement of the digestive organs, so literary matter unmellowed by the saliva of thought and analysis will infallibly produce mental dyspepsia. We are great readers, but we do not take time to investigate. The contents of our morning paper are devoured before we have finished our first cup of coffee; the evening news has been read in the cars before we reach our homes in the

evening; the periodical is glanced over as we prepare to take our post prandium siesta; the Sunday sermon is disposed of during the walk from the church to our homes, and if, unluckily, any, or all of these, contain aspersions upon the Church, such aspersions are received, as a rule, as gospel truth, no trouble being taken to inquire whether they may not possibly be unmerited. The average non-Catholic mind, predisposed as it is from early education, to look with suspicion upon everything Catholic, is easily impressed with any slander that may be circulated against the Church, and, hence it is, that many really well-disposed, fair-minded people become imbued with notions regarding us which, by their very absurdity, excite our wonder and provoke our laughter.

Do we exaggerate or draw on our imagination for these assertions? Are not the proceedings of every sectarian convention enlivened by flings at Romanism, and its alleged demoralizing tendencies; is not one of the most influential and widely-circulated pictorials in the United States avowedly and malignantly hostile to us, do not publicists, men, too, of enlarged views and solid attainments, unblushingly, perhaps unconsciously, enunciate calumnies against us to sympathizing auditors; and have we not here, in our own city, recently witnessed the revolting spectacle of ladies who stand high in the social scale, and whose intelligence is vouched for by the diplomas of fashionable academies, flocking in crowds to listen to the foul calumnies against the Church and her anointed, which issued from the mouth of a brazen, perjured creature, whose misdeeds drove her from the sanctified shelter of the cloister.

Let us not deceive ourselves. The leaven of bigotry and ignorance may have decreased in volume, but enough of it remains to ferment the *malice* of the ill-disposed and the unconscious injustice of thousands who believe themselves incapable of wronging their fellows, even in thought.

Glance over the columns even of the secular press and prevent, if you can, your blood from tingling when you see there recorded the glaring lie that your priests undertake not only to tell you who is in purgatory, but to pray them out of it for a stipulated sum—and an insignificant one at that—that the influence of the Church is hostile to liberty—that she enslaves the mind and dreads freedom of thought, and, if you be still incredulous, come with us and we will show you the publication office of a magazine, recently ushered into life in this city, for the avowed purpose of warning the American people of the dangers by which their liberties are threatened by the Romish Church.

It is not flattering to the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century that there are yet in our midst those who honestly believe that we owe temporal allegiance to the Pope of Rome, that the direction of our ballots is regulated by the advice of the ecclesiastical authorities, and that the priest exacts a stipulated sum for the remission of our sins. Yet, that such is the fact, the personal experience of most of us enables us to verify.

In treating our subject we will not invade the domain of theology, for it is not necessary for the purposes of our argument to open up the question whether our tenets are *morally* true or false.

The sects proclaim as the fundamental doctrine of their belief, the right of private judgment—the right of every man to interpret the Scriptures for himself—they cannot, therefore, without inconsistency, maintain that the Catholic is not a safe Church in which to *die*,

because, with all their effrontery, they dare not maintain that all their followers read the Bible *aright*, and that all Catholics *misinterpret* its meaning. Their boasted dogma inhibits them, in fact, from consistently objecting to *any man's* interpretation of it. Hence, it is that when confronted with this species of logic, they waive their spiritual objections to our tenets, and plant themselves on the proposition that *ours* is not the Church in which to *live*, because the tendencies of many of its doctrines are to fetter thought, to enslave the mind, to impoverish subjects, to foster tyranny; and because its genius and traditions are inimical to civil and religious liberty.

It is therefore to the influence of the Church on *material* things that our opponents must object, if they observe the mandates of consistency and logic, and from this standpoint we propose to examine into the bearings of those distinguishing tenets, which mark the line of demarcation between the Church and the sects, upon the welfare and happiness of states and peoples.

The family is the foundation of the state, and if the materials of which the foundation is composed be not sound and solidly laid, the superstructure which is built upon it must inevitably totter and crumble into ruins. The family is the fountain whence flows the life-current of the body politic, and if that current be impure at its source, it will, instead of bounding through the veins, imparting health and vigor in its course, move sluggishly onward, depositing, as it goes, the germs of disease, decay, and death.

Around the family the Church throws the panoply of her most jealous care. She elevates matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament, and discountenances the entrance into it of any whose soul is stained by mortal guilt. She visits with severest moral penalties every act that is inconsistent with the end which the Creator had in view when he instituted the rite, and promises peace and happiness here, and strong hopes of eternal felicity hereafter, as the reward of the faithful discharge of the obligations which it imposes. From the dawn of life until the grave opens to receive them, her children are the objects of her untiring care. She is present at the baptismal font to cleanse them from inherited guilt; through life she offers them the strengthening grace that will enable them, if they will it, to preserve their baptismal innocence, and at their death she is to be seen counselling, soothing, and preparing them for the perilous voyage to eternity.

She exacts from parents not only material sustenance for their children, but obliges them, under pain of sin, to train them, in virtue and morality. From children she demands love and obedience for parents, and from *all* a strict compliance with the duties which they owe to society and to each other. Who can estimate the amount of unhappiness that is avoided, and the number of bickerings and jars, of scandals and of heart-burnings that are prevented, by the Catholic doctrine of the indissolubility of the marriage tie?

How eminently conducive to the stability of the foundation on which the edifice of the state has been erected, and how preservative of the purity of the stream whence flows the current that vivifies and invigorates the nation, are the obligations which the Church imposes through the Sacrament of Matrimony?

Believing that the cultivation of the mind alone is insufficient to make a man either a good citizen or a good Christian, she insists upon the harmonious blending of secular and religious instruction, and holds parents to a strict accountability not only for the ma-

terial sustenance of their children, but also for their careful training in the paths of virtue and morality. From children she exacts love, reverence, and obedience for their parents, and thus impressively inculcates a compliance with those reciprocal duties of rulers and people—obedience and patriotism, in return for protection and salutary laws—upon the observance of which the very existence of civil liberty depends. It is by a series of compromises, by mutual concessions and sacrifices that men harmonize their jarring interests and conflicting opinions. What more effective mode for training man to the practice of these essentials to peace and good fellowship, and for withdrawing him from the selfish pursuit of his own happiness, regardless of the rights of others, could be devised than that involved in the Catholic dogma of the indissolubility of the marriage bond? The conviction that death *alone* can release them from the obligations which they contracted when they entered into the marriage state, cannot fail to impress the married pair with the conviction that, to live happily together, angry passions must be repressed, incompatibilities of temper must be reconciled, bickerings must be avoided, that kindness and the spirit of mutual forbearance must be cultivated, and that selfish considerations must not be permitted to interfere in the relationship which was intended to compass the happiness of all who embrace it. Let it be borne in mind that the Catholic *believes* that the injunctions referred to have been decreed by *infallible* authority, an authority that *cannot* err, and we will be enabled to form a juster estimate of the effect which they are calculated to have upon his conduct. We will be enabled to understand why it is that the most abject poverty, the most trying temptations, the most cruel treatment will not suffice to extinguish the lamp of fidelity and love which ever burns, with exceptional brightness, in the Catholic heart. This may account also for the fact that among the habitues of the divorce court *our* people are rarely found, that among Catholics the crime of infanticide is hardly known, that large and healthy families are almost exclusively confined to us, and that by none is female virtue held in such high esteem, and that nowhere is it more prevalent than among those who profess the Catholic faith. From what we have advanced we think we are justified in the conclusion that the Church has laid broad and deep the foundation of liberty, and if, as does not often happen, some of her children will blindly join the evil disposed in their attacks upon it, she is no more responsible for their violation of her solemn injunctions than is the Creator Himself for the sins of man. But auricular confession, say the alarmists, is necessarily subversive of liberty, because it reduces its votaries to the low level of slaves, and imparts to the crafty priesthood the secrets of kings, cabinets, and peoples.

Let us test the objection to this dogma by the rules of plain common sense. Is it not clear, as the sun at noonday, that the belief that a crime committed, whether against the laws, against an individual, or against one's self, must be confessed to a priest—a human being; perhaps an old schoolmate or a personal friend—before it can be forgiven, has a restraining influence over the would-be evil-doer? And is not the doctrine that the restitution of property unlawfully taken must be made before the guilt can be remitted, a powerful incentive to honesty, and a valuable safeguard to the property of the citizen? This doctrine protects, too, the reputation of the people, for should a Catholic, in violation

of the moral law, slander the good name of his neighbor, the Church commands that the slander shall be retracted, and the good name restored. Now what can be more in harmony with the wellbeing of society than the doctrine which restrains from evil, insists upon reparation to the character unjustly assailed, and enforces restitution of property unlawfully taken? If the requirements of the Sacrament of Penance were strictly adhered to, crime would be an impossibility. The constant harping of the sects on priestly hostility to liberty and science is so causeless that it is questionable whether we would do any violence to charity by doubting the sincerity of the accusers. Malice and ignorance have conspired to mislead the public judgment on this point, but the calumny is disproved by the records of authentic history, which bear eloquent testimony to the fact that, had it not been for the Catholic ecclesiastics, liberty and science would have been obliterated from Europe by barbarian vandalism and princely tyranny.

Alone and unsupported by any aid save the magic power of his mighty calling, has the Supreme Pontiff confronted imperial tyrants, and awed them to do justice to their subjects, under pain of being crushed beneath the terrible censures of the Church. For seven hundred years the priests of Ireland have battled incessantly for the rights of the people; and when the red hand of infernal bigotry was raised against the life of every priest who dared to tread the green sod of his native land, the Sacred Host was raised on the hillside, beneath the blue vault of heaven, while armed Gallowglasses stood ready to defend, with their lives, against the fury of the ruthless foe, him who had ever proved the most steadfast and uncompromising friend of their religion and of their country. It cannot be truthfully said that this patriotic conduct of the priesthood is ascribable solely to their desire to maintain Catholic supremacy, for during three hundred and fifty years of the period mentioned the faith of the *invaded* was also the faith of the *invader*. It was *Catholic* England, against whose injustice and cruelty an O'Toole and his brethren in the sanctuary declaimed and protested with all the sincerity and all the eloquence with which a Burke and a Moriarty now denounce the tyranny of England *apostate*. At this very hour, the most intrepid champions of the people's rights, and the stoutest opponents of Bismarck's oppression, are the Catholic Bishops of Germany, who, to their everlasting honor be it recorded, in letters of living light, have preferred the dungeon's cell, and sail from home and fatherland, to the abandonment of one tittle of their civil and religious rights. The rapid lapse of time warns us that other tenets claim our attention, but we cannot leave the confessional until we have unburdened ourselves of the fact that the secrets of penitents are safe in the keeping of confessors. From the hour at which Ananias and Zaphira fell dead at Peter's feet, until this very moment, no priest, no matter to what degradation he may have fallen, no matter to what depths he may have descended, no matter what crimes he may have committed, no matter how maliciously he may have assailed the Church in his apostasy, not a Hyacinthe, a Hogan, nor even a Luther in all the raving delirium of his perjured soul, has ever disclosed an individual sin. We would not impiously arrogate prophetic powers, but to the unbiassed judgment of our readers we submit the question, "Does not the miraculous silence of more than eighteen hundred years warrant the belief

that the Great God would paralyze the sacerdotal tongue ere it could utter the sin of a penitent?"

Having examined the influence of Confession on the foundation of the state, and having, as we modestly claim, found that it cements and imparts consistency to it, we will pass to the consideration of our dogma of good works, another of the distinguishing tenets of the Church, and one, too, which we hope to be able to prove is well calculated to promote obedience to law and attachment to virtue.

Every action of man's life is, consciously or unconsciously, prompted by *some* motive. He does not work merely through pure love of labor, nor does he fast and mortify the flesh through pure love of such austerities. He works for the reward, pecuniary or otherwise, which he hopes will repay his labor, and he mortifies himself because he believes that such actions are pleasing to God. He avoids evil, not at the suggestion of nature, but because he fears punishment. Hope of reward and fear of punishment are then the impulses which, in the natural order, prompt men to do good and avoid evil. Now, the performance of good works is a duty which the Church imposes on her children as *essential to salvation*, and as the doing of good is incompatible with disobedience to law and the legally constituted authorities, it follows, as a logical sequence, that this tenet of the Church is eminently conducive to the stability of government and the good of society. It is the reward which the Church promises as the wages of good works that prompts the priest to inhale the poisoned atmosphere of the fever-shed, and to risk his life amidst the noxious vapors of the pest-house. It is this hope of reward, added to the soft whisperings of humanity, that sends gentle woman to bind the gaping wound amidst the loathsome surroundings of hospitals and plague-spots. It is in obedience to this tenet that the Sister of Charity devotes her life to the orphan and the outcast. It inspires the Sisters of the "Sacred Heart," of "Mercy" and "St. Joseph" with courage to leave father and mother and all the endearments of home to minister to the education of youth, and, at its bidding, those refined and accomplished ladies, the "Little Sisters of the Poor," hesitate not to don the garb of abject humility and beg, as did Lazarus of old, for the crumbs that fall from the tables of competency, to feed the infirm and decrepit of God's creatures, to whose service they have consecrated their earthly existence.

The more extended our examination, the stronger and more compact becomes the foundation of the social edifice. Let us see whether that obnoxious dogma, the Infallibility of the Church, exhales sufficient poison to corrupt the fountains of justice and liberty.

The Church has spoken definitely and irrevocably on only two points, religion and morals. On all other subjects she accords the widest liberty which the most visionary theorist could desire; but on *these* she requires the strictest conformity. She has never undertaken to decide what *form* of government is best for man, because, being Catholic, with a mission to teach truth to all nations, she must accommodate herself to that form which is best adapted to the genius and traditions of the people of each. But on the *principles* of government, on the duties of rulers and subjects, she has spoken with no uncertain voice, because *they* belong to the domain of religion and morals. Organize, if you will, a monarchial, an aristocratical or a republican *form* of government, but administer it you must in ac-

cordance with those salutary principles which religion prescribes, or the censures of the Church will fall upon you. *What* has the Church said definitely, authoritatively, and irrevocably on the reciprocal duties of governors and governed?

She commands the ruler to administer the laws justly and mercifully, and to extend protection to the life, property, and rights of the subject. From the subject she exacts obedience to the laws and the legally constituted authorities, and in her desire to preserve order, and to prevent fruitless bloodshed, she forbids subjects to offer forcible opposition even to the grossest tyranny until, after having exhausted all peaceful means in their efforts to obtain a redress of grievances, they have reasonable grounds for believing that success will attend their resort to revolutionary remedies. These commands and prohibitions, be it remembered, are proclaimed by the Church which all Catholics implicitly believe to be infallible — incapable of teaching error and bound, by her very claim to infallibility, to consistently adhere, under all circumstances, to her dogmatic decisions. Now, bearing this fact in mind, can we not justly claim that Catholics must necessarily be good citizens whilst they observe the injunctions of the Church; and if the influence of the dogma of infallibility be to make the believers in it good citizens, may we not logically conclude that the doctrine itself is pre-eminently favorable to civil liberty and to the wellbeing of society? It will be no answer to our argument to tell us that peoples who professed the Catholic faith have, without justification, dethroned kings and led monarchs to the block, for we can retort that rebellion to Divine authority itself was organized in Heaven, where virtue and vice fought for the mastery, under the leadership of angels. But a triumphant refutation of our argument, says the uncandid and misinformed sectarian, is found on the historic page which relates that our Infallible Church has deposed kings, interfered in the temporal affairs of nations, absolved subjects from their allegiance, persecuted the Albigenses, condemned Huss to the stake, and instigated the massacre of St. Bartholomew. We answer that, when all Europe was Catholic, the Pope was regarded by sovereigns and subjects, princes and people, as the beneficent father of all Christendom; the judge from whose unbiassed verdict even the most unjust and tyrannical rulers hesitated to appeal. To him, as *such*, was frequently committed the adjustment of disputes that occurred between various nations, and it was in his capacity as arbitrator, and not in that of the Infallible Pontiff deciding *ex cathedra*, that he performed those civil functions upon which our enemies have so severely animadverted, but which even candid antagonists admit almost invariably compassed the ends of justice and humanity. The world has recently witnessed the submission, to the tribunal of Geneva, of the points in dispute between the United States and England, and no sane man would dare to assert that the rights or liberties of either nation were invaded or jeopardized by the decision of that court. The assertion that the Church ever *persecuted* any man is unqualifiedly false, and we challenge the production of any authentic records to the contrary. She never did more than define the offence which the accused may have committed against religion and morals, and if that offence subjected him to punishment under the civil law, the Church, assuredly, cannot be held responsible. It would not be equitable to hold the jury that finds a man guilty of murder, or the judge that imposes

sentence upon him, accountable for the *law* which punishes that crime with death. "Legitimate authority," says an eminent writer, "may punish, but it cannot persecute. The Church only inflicts ecclesiastical punishments, and she has never authorized, or even tacitly approved, any civil punishment of heretics, when the heretic did not add to the sin of heresy, the further sin of offences against the state, or of attacks on the very foundations of moral and social order, as in the case of the Albigenses, Wickliffites, Hussites, &c., &c." The Church here, as well as elsewhere, is impervious to the shafts of her enemies.

Our theme is so prolific that want of time and space compels us to pass over, without hardly an allusion, tenets which furnish eloquent arguments in support of our thesis.

The Invocation of Saints, for instance, implies some acquaintance with the lives and conduct of those whom we venerate, and as those lives are replete with examples of the most exalted and heroic virtues, the contemplation of them cannot fail to inspire us with lofty and ennobling emotions.

The doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope has been stigmatized as tending to divide the allegiance which the American citizen owes entirely to his country and its laws; but every Catholic *knows*, and intelligent men of every creed *ought* to know, that the allegiance which we owe to the head of the Church is of a purely *spiritual character*. The illustrious and venerable pontiff, who now fills the See once graced by an apostle, is as dear to every Catholic heart, stripped as he has been by the ruthless hands of the sacrilegious robber of all his earthly possessions, as he was when the dual crown of spiritual pontiff and temporal prince encircled his majestic brow. Yes, we owe him allegiance—the allegiance which the disciples and early Christians paid to Peter—an allegiance which, in every age and every clime, has been paid to his successors; and with it go the tributes of more than two hundred million hearts that vibrate in unison with that of the grand old man who, with the keys for a compass, and truth for a chart, guides safely through the storms of malignity, irreligion, and infidelity, by which she is encompassed, the stanch old ship which Peter launched on the waters of the Tiberian lake nearly two thousand years ago.

Our dogma of the "Immaculate Conception" of the Blessed Virgin Mary, like our belief that when we worthily receive the blessed Eucharist, the God of heaven dwells in our souls, is well calculated to impress us with an adequate idea of the dignity to which human nature has been elevated, and to inspire a holier regard for woman, upon whose precepts and example mainly depends the character of those to whose keeping the destinies of nations are committed.

The contemplation of the dignity to which Mary was raised cannot fail to create in the heart of the Christian woman the liveliest desire to imitate her virtues, and to instil into her an ardent love for that exalted virtue and purity which find in Mary their brightest exemplar. If, then, the effect of this doctrine be to elevate the standard of female morality, how salutary must be its influence also on the conduct of man, whose character in childhood is moulded by the teachings and example of woman. On the women of a nation depends, to a greater extent than is generally appreciated, the conduct of its citizens; and to the infectious example, the gentle remonstrance, the mild reproof, the patient endurance, the trusting prayer of a virtuous mother, sister,

or wife, many a man whose name is emblazoned on the escutcheon of honorable fame, and whose voice, perhaps, is potent in the councils of his country, owes his rescue from the lowest depths of degradation and infamy.

The deep and lasting impress which the contemplation of the "Immaculate Mary's" spotless life stamps on the heart of woman is manifest in that modest demeanor, that trusting love, that purity of conduct, which mark the character of the daughters of the Church in every nation and in every clime.

From the Catholic fold occasionally stray some unfortunate victims to the tempter's wiles; but out of it go not those shameless creatures who foster polygamy in the seraglios of Utah; out of it go not those unsexed women who are endeavoring to poison the very fountains of morality by their public advocacy of "free love" and of the doctrine of "affinities;" out of it go not those females of advanced views and uncertain age, who, despising that refinement and delicacy, that retirement and modesty which give to woman her loveliest charms, forsake the hallowed precincts of home and its endearing duties, to contend with man for masculine privileges amidst the scenes of noise and tumult, trickery and corruption, which surround the hustings. But *in* it remain those angels of mercy, the sisters of the various religious communities, whose veiled faces shrink from the public gaze, and whose lives are models which saints might follow; in it are also found those *true* women who, content with the position which heaven has assigned them, faithfully minister at the family altar, and who, leaving to man, into whose breasts they have endeavored to infuse the principles of rectitude and justice, the performance of the sterner duties of life, consecrate their existence to the salvation of their souls and the care of their families.

With feeble hands but earnest heart we have endeavored to portray the salutary influences of the distinguishing tenets of the Church on the welfare of man and the destinies of nations, and to the readers of the RECORD belongs the right of passing judgment on our effort. We have not undertaken to prove that every Catholic is stainless, or that every professor of the faith is guiltless of conduct inconsistent with good citizenship. The thesis that we have labored to establish is, that the tendencies of the dogmas of the Church are favorable to liberty and happiness, and that a strict compliance with their injunctions must inevitably secure both of these blessings to mankind. If we have succeeded in establishing this, our aim has been accomplished; if we have proved this, we have a right to demand of the sects a recantation of their slanders against the Church, and we can triumphantly maintain that the Church is *here*, not by the tolerance of any party, not even by virtue of a constitutional compact only, but by virtue of the prescriptive right of discovery and settlement, which she has never forfeited. For we can show that the first standard that ever left its impress on the virgin soil of America was the Catholic Cross; that the first act of solemn sacrifice ever offered to the true God, beneath this Western sky, was the Catholic Mass; and that the first words of solemn praise that ever echoed through the Western wilds were "Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiæ; vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve;" which, taken up by the vesper breeze, as they at eventide fell from the lips of the hardy sailors of the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria, were by it wafted toward the setting sun, over the blue waters of the Atlantic. At

the Catholic font were regenerated the man whose genius conceived the existence of this continent, the woman who aided him to prove the truth of his conception, and the monk who prevailed upon the woman to extend that aid. "Gentleness, Faith, and Courage" —three characteristics of the Church—gentleness personified by the woman, faith by the monk, courage by the sailor—lifted the veil of ocean that hid America from the eyes of Europe. Santa Maria—Holy Mary—was the ship which bore Columbus hither; and, appropriately too, the first land touched was named San Salvador in honor of the Virgin's Son. Before Luther had raised the red hand of rebellion against the Church her anointed sons were traversing tangled forests and pathless wilds to impart the truths of religion and civilization to the untutored barbarian; and, while gratitude has an abiding-place in the hearts of men, the names of those devoted Jesuits, Marquette, Joliet, Brebœuf, Rasles, Marest, and Lallemand, whose brethren are now the victims of such cruel persecution in the land of Luther, will ever be revered by the American people.

From the initial struggle at Lexington, until the surrender at Yorktown eventuated in the achievement of American independence, Catholic blood—the blood of glorious old Catholic France, and of glorious old Catholic Ireland, mingled in the stream that fructified the seeds of American liberty. The records of the war of 1812 bear honorable testimony to the patriotism of our people; and there are yet living those who remember, with honest pride, the not generally known fact that the Rev. Dr. Carr, founder and first pastor of St. Augustine's Church, in this city, aided in the erection of breastworks for the American army. A Barry and an O'Brien on the quarter-deck; a Sullivan on Bunker's Hill; a Shields at Chapultepec, Churubusco, and Shenandoah; a Gilmore at Charleston; a Mulligan at Lexington; a Corcoran at Williamsburg; a Rosecrans at Chickamauga, and a Meagher at Fair Oaks, with the brigade of Catholic Irishmen that saved the fortunes of the day, speak with more than Roman or Athenian eloquence of Catholic devotion to American liberty. From that bright October day, 381 years ago, when the fervent southern sun of San Salvador first shone upon the brilliant sheen of the holy cross, until this very hour, the Church has been true to the government and laws; and her children *alone* were they who, having had no part in precipitating the late civil war, could cross the "bloody chasm" which it created with the certainty of meeting on either side warm hearts and willing hands to greet them.

With such a Church, and such a record, we cannot fail to make our influence paramount here, if we are only willing to elevate our *conduct* to the high standard of our *principles*. While willing to concede equal rights to others, we must teach them to respect ours, and in no way can this be done so effectually as by *acting* the fact that we are the peers of any in the land.

Our progress has been rapid in view of the difficulties which beset our paths; but had we not lost many of, at least, the second generation of emigrants, our numbers would be now double what they actually are. Against such losses in the future the multiplication of Catholic schools provides a powerful remedy; and, if the present "temperance" movement, which spreads its ramifications as if by spontaneous impulse, throughout every section of the country, suc-

ceeds, we will be able to present a solid phalanx, and bid defiance to the assaults of the foe.

The spectacle presented on last St. Patrick's Day, when the Catholic standard was, for the first time within the present generation, borne in public procession through the streets of Philadelphia by men whose appearance and deportment elicited the deserved encomiums of friends and strangers, demonstrated what our people *can* do when their intellects are unclouded and their native dignity asserts itself. The mercurial temperament of the race from which sprang the greater portion of American Catholics is peculiarly sensitive to the injurious influences of alcoholic stimulants, and to indulgence in them is traceable immediately, or mediately, almost every sin which the Catholic Celt commits.

Snatch from the lips of the Catholic Celt the intoxicating draught, confine him within the bounds of his natural enthusiasm, induce him to act upon the uninfluenced promptings of his generous heart and upon the suggestions of his unclouded mind, and there will stand before us, in all his majesty, the grandest achievement of creative power—man! Snatch from his lips the poisoned cup, subject him to the influences of Catholic truth, and we will show him who will, without any extraneous aid but by the force of the faculties with which God hath endowed him, prove himself the peer of the greatest, whether on the rostrum or at the forum, in the senate chamber or on the battle-field.

Temperance, to the Catholic, means happy homes and smiling firesides, where now reign sorrow, penury, and woe. Temperance means happy, loving wives, and joyous, virtuous, well-clad children; and oh! men of character and intelligence, we cannot but believe that if, without infringing any vested or acquired rights, you appeal, with the magic eloquence which the sight of desolate homes, heart-broken wives, and ragged starving children inspire, to the generous impulses of the noble Celtic heart, you will succeed in eradicating the only blemish which defaces the Celtic character.

Accomplish this, and in the not distant future the cross, with its arms outstretched to welcome to their embrace the wearied and belated wanderer, and its index pointing to the home where refreshment and unfading joy await him, will gleam in the sunlight in every valley and on every hillside of this free and glorious land.

OUR LADY OF THE ISLE.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

The beautiful brown stone Gothic church of Our Lady of the Isle, the tutelar church of Rhode Island, has for many years been an object of admiration to visitors at Newport, the theme of many a pen, and a pride to every Catholic, as a temple worthy of our holy religion, in a city which possesses so many attractions, natural and artificial, and which is the resort of visitors from all parts of the world. The edifice stands back a short distance from the harbor, being one of the first objects that greets the eye on landing. It is surmounted by a life-size statue of the Blessed Virgin, carved in stone, exactly as described in the second stanza of the following poem.

Flow on to the sea, Narragansett!
Flow onward, thou beautiful bay;
Yet stop, at this insular transept,
Thy billowy tribute to lay,
At the feet of the beautous Madonna,
Enshrined on yon fair seaport steeps;
Thence guarding, with tutelar honor,
Thy clustering islands and deeps.

Unloosed to the breeze hang her tresses,
Her soft eyes she lovingly bends;
O'er her bosom her pure hands she presses,
While her foot the proud serpent's neck rends.
In the midst of this gay scene of fashion,
In the midst of this populous mart,
She standeth, to cheer with compassion,
To win to her love every heart.

Will not the gay searcher for pleasure,
Seeing her in the midst of his mirth,
Be moved to exchange for the treasure
Of Heaven, the follies of earth?
Will not the gray seamen returning
From afar o'er the billowy foam,
Be filled with a tenderer yearning,
When he thinks of "Our Lady at home?"

Here, in days of blest Eric of Garda,
By his Norsemen missioners bold,
Were thy praises, O! fair Virgin Warder,
In our continent's aisles first told;
And though into silence primeval,
For ages, the hymn died away,
It wakes, like a pæan mediæval,
In power redoubled to-day.

In vain would the Puritan scorner
Banish thee and thy love from the land,
Where, a time, thou wast held in dishonor,
Now triumphant, as queen, thou dost stand;

With thy bright lunar circlet around him,
Proud Satan lies crushed at thy feet;
So hath love's golden influence bound them,
Friend and foe, to the stool of thy seat.

I proudly salute thee, Rhode Island,
For thy sons' manly honor and truth,
For their victory o'er bigotry's guile and
Thy forefathers' patience and ruth;
But I hold thee more dear for this reason,
All States of our Union above,
That thou for thy princess hast chosen
This Mother of beautiful love.

Then flow to the sea, Narragansett!
Flow onward, thou beautiful bay;
Yet stop, ere thou endest thy transit,
Thy billowy homage to pay
Unto the Maid-Mother immortal,
That from Newport her fair vigil keeps,
Like a star o'er the rock-girded portal,
That leads through thine islands and deeps.

NARRAGANSETT BAY, Vigil of the Assumption.

A SISTER'S SACRIFICE.

MY tale opens in a picturesque village situated on the banks of one of our most wild and romantic rivers. Though many years have passed since the time I am about mentioning, and my once black hair is sprinkled with silver, yet still can I see that sweet village, with its low white cottages half buried in flowering vines and rose-trees; I can even now picture its wild hills and pretty, winding stream, rippling on as it did in the days of old, and the boats with their merry, light-hearted crew sailing along. I had a friend—a sweet, gentle creature, whom every one loved. I used to wonder what pleasure she found in visiting yonder low-roofed cottage, the inhabitant of which I had never seen. That it was an old lady I had often heard; but no one that I met with had ever made her acquaintance. One day I made up my mind to ask my dear Julia who the lady was, and why she lived so retired a life. An opportunity soon arrived; Julia and I were sitting on our favorite little garden-seat, I amusing myself in binding flowers in her lovely golden hair. There was a shade of sadness over her face which was not at all usual. I asked her what it meant, and she told me in a few words that her friend in yonder cottage was ill, perhaps dying. The tears trickled down her face as she said:

"Dear Amy, you must have often wondered why I spent so much of my time at the cottage; I will tell you, and, if you like, give you a short sketch of the life of its occupant."

"Do, Julia dear," I replied, "if it is not too painful for you."

"Annie Stanley," commenced

Julia, "was a sparkling brunette, whose black hair would curl however much she tried to smooth it, and would rise in glossy waves from her finely-shaped head. She was, in fact, a great beauty. Her father was a merchant in affluent circumstances. Her mother had died in giving her birth, and long and bitterly Mr. Stanley had deplored her loss; yet Annie was scarcely eleven when her father married again, this time uniting himself to a beautiful widow, the mother of one child, who was quite the opposite in appearance to Annie, and six years her junior.

"The new Mrs. Stanley was a delicate creature, her beauty of that frail kind that you fear will vanish into air as you gaze upon it. Her long golden tresses hung round her head in lovely ringlets, waving to and fro in the breeze; her eyes were celestial blue, and her complexion of the purest white, with just a rose-tint upon her cheek; her figure was slight, but extremely graceful. She would, in fact, have passed for a lovely girl of sixteen, rather than a widow of four-and-twenty.

"Lucy, her daughter, was the miniature image of her mother, a sweet, sensible little creature, scarcely ever joining in the games of those of her own tender age. She would prefer to sit with her doll at her mother's knee, or pet the tiny kitten, who, more joyous than herself, would frisk about, and try to bite its little mistress's frock into holes.

"Mrs. Stanley was constitutionally a helpless, spiritless, and inactive being—one you would scarcely think the choice of a person of Mr. Stanley's character, he being a man of strong mind, ripe education, and exalted principles. He had met the charming widow while visiting a friend; he loved, he proposed, and was accepted; they were married as soon as possible, and the mourning widower returned to his home a happy bridegroom. But it was often suspected he wearied of the fair flower he had so hastily gathered, though never by look or word did he let it be known.

"Annie loved her new mother and sister dearly, and soon took quite a maternal interest in Lucy, who certainly did not receive a mother's care from Mrs. Stanley, who was of too indolent a character to care for so much trouble. Annie would go into the nursery, and after assisting the nurse in the bathing of her little charge, would instruct her as far as she was able.

"A year wore away, and Annie was sent to school. A bitter parting it was; she had so endeared herself to all the family. Lucy clung to her skirts, declaring in her childish way that no one should take her dear sister away; the father stood, scarcely able to repress a tear, with a blessing on his lips for his beloved child. He fancied more than ever he could see the likeness to that one to whom he had given his first affections, and who was now laid in the cold, cold grave. Even Mrs. Stanley, who seldom exhibited any emotion, wept as she pressed the sweet girl to her heart, and kissed her again and again.

"Truly did the Stanleys miss Annie. Mr. Stanley was no more greeted with the usual merry laugh as he entered after his day's business was over. Lucy presented herself in soiled pinafores, her lovely hair dishevelled, and her face and hands dirty. Tea was always late, and when it came lacked the usual comfort; and poor systematic Mr. Stanley was often seen with a frown upon his countenance, and would partake of his repast in silence. Mrs. Stanley was to be pitied. She was one of those characters who are never in a hurry themselves, and consequently cannot under-

stand any one else being so. She could not understand the change in the domestic management; she, in fact, had never thought about anything. She found that everything went wrong, and bitterly complained of it to her husband; Lucy was so much trouble, she said.

"Six months passed away, and it was found impossible to do without Annie. She was recalled from school, and a governess brought into the house. Happiness and order were again restored—no one knew how, but so it was.

"When Annie was seventeen she was again left an orphan. Her stepmother took cold, and it terminated in consumption. Her illness was not of long duration; like a flower she drooped and died. Annie never left her side, but like a guardian spirit, soothed at once both mind and body. Though young, I well remember the morning she died. My mother was sent for, and I, childlike, followed. I crept behind her into the room, and there stood Annie, holding the prostrate form of the once beautiful Mrs. Stanley in her arms. Her husband held one hand tightly pressed in his, while the other clasped that of his child Lucy.

"Mrs. Stanley was faintly speaking. 'Adieu, my precious one,' she said; 'and you, Annie, my own—yet not my own; I have not oftener prayed God for Lucy than for you. Will you pardon me for my neglect? I have not fulfilled a mother's duties to either you or Lucy. I feel as I am dying that I have never done any actual good. I seem to have dreamed my life away; it is too late to atone, but I trust not too late to repent. You, dear Annie, have been my support; you have been one of my greatest earthly blessings; you have shown me my imperfections; you have pointed out the way of salvation; you will receive your reward.'

"She was silent for some time. Again she spoke, though this time so faintly it was difficult to catch her words. 'Annie, dear Annie, you have always acted the part of mother to my Lucy—let me beg as a last request you will continue to do so; she is such a poor weak child, she cannot stand alone.'

"Yes, mamma, dear mamma! I will do all this," sobbed Annie.

"One faint kiss, a smile lingered for a moment around her lips, her eyes remained fixed on Annie, but the light of her soul had fled.

"Faithfully did Annie perform her promise. Lucy was a pleasant little creature. Her sister's wish was law to her, though poor Annie often felt sorely tried through the child's incapacity and helplessness.

"Lucy was about eighteen, and at school, when a young and talented stranger visited the village, and became a constant visitor of the Stanleys. Annie was much thrown in his way, and unfortunately fell deeply in love with him. I remember well, some years after, her giving me the following account, and even then with tears. She said that until she saw Edwin Tresham she had loved no one but her father; her whole life had been devoted to him. But she saw in Edwin the ideal that she had worshipped in dreams. Waking and sleeping she loved him most devotedly, though he never spoke of love to her; but still she fancied as she wished, and thought she could read in his eyes that he loved her. For weeks he lingered beside her. Her days passed in a wild, blissful dream of delight, O, too brief! and yet with all her after-sufferings, she told me she would give the world to live those days over again.

"Lucy returned from school, and Annie noticed with pleasure that Edwin loved her 'little sister.' Poor girl! out of love for Lucy she tried to conceal all her defects, and place her in as favorable a light as

she could in Edwin's eyes. He praised Lucy's beauty, and presented her with bouquets; but all his conversation was addressed still to Annie, and not the slightest pang of jealousy entered her heart; it only seemed that he viewed Lucy in the light of a child, a pet. But the veil was soon rudely torn from poor Annie's eyes.

"One evening Annie was sitting at her embroidery-frame, and Edwin had gone for a stroll in the garden with Lucy. He did not return, but sent a good-night. Annie was surprised and astonished, but the next few moments were moments of extreme misery to her. Lucy, seating herself by her sister's side, said with more animation than she had ever been known to possess,

"'Annie, guess what I am going to tell you—such fun!'

"'I don't know, I am sure,' replied Annie, carelessly.

"'It's the drollest thing,' said Lucy, laughing. 'Do you give it up, sister?'

"Annie replied that she must be under the awful necessity of doing so.

"'Well,' said Lucy, 'since you won't guess, I suppose I must tell you. Mr. Tresham has asked me to marry him—is it not fun? I always thought he would marry you; but I said yes, of course, for I saw you liked him. Don't you, dear?'

"Annie says she knew not what she replied; she seemed stunned with the blow; and as soon as she could get away, throwing herself on her bed, she wept and prayed for strength to endure. So at last she grew calm and strengthened.

"When Edwin visited them the next day, Annie received him with every appearance of cordiality, and welcomed him as a brother. She had resolved that neither he nor Lucy should guess her secret, and well she kept her resolve. For two weeks they kept their secret; then Edwin saw Mr. Stanley on the subject, who very much opposed the match, said that Lucy was too young, and so on; but, on the intercession of Annie, consented. Poor Annie! I never saw her look more beautiful than on her sister's wedding-day, as she acted the part of bridesmaid. There was a spirituality in her face that contrasted greatly with the childish happiness displayed in that of Lucy. Annie was the star of the evening, and, as usual, saw to the wants of all the company. Lucy, even on that evening, had little animation; as a child, so she was as a woman; and I, though several years her junior, felt obliged to treat her as my inferior in knowledge and aptitude. It seemed strange to me that the tall, dark, handsome man beside her could be her husband. He was much older than Lucy, being in his twenty-eighth year. He appeared to be a cold, haughty sort of character; and they did not seem at all a well-matched couple.

"Lucy had scarcely returned from her bridal tour when Mr. Stanley was thrown from his horse, and his skull fractured. No hope of life was left. Annie and Edwin watched through one long, painful night, Lucy having retired. As daylight was breaking, the soul of Mr. Stanley took its flight to a better world.

"Annie gave one bitter moan, like the last wail of a broken heart, and fell senseless beside the corpse of the only one she had left her to love. All was confusion. Even the cold, stately Mr. Tresham unmasked, in the grief of the moment, what those who had long noticed him closely had divined as being the real state of his feelings—a regret, namely, that, lured by Lucy's beauty of person, he had overlooked, till it was too late, those sterling qualities in her elder sister that would have made the happiness of his married life, where now, in

his revulsion of feeling, there was growing coldness and disregard.

"Life being found to be not extinct, as was at first supposed, poor Annie was put in bed and carefully attended. For many weary months she hovered between life and death, Edwin Tresham constantly and silently watching beside her. Her sister was gloomy and sorrowful. She, like her mother, was incapable of powerful exertion either of body or mind. How often did the poor thing pray that if Annie, her more than mother, died, she might be taken with her! She could not fail to see the growing coldness of her husband, and yet, poor weak creature, could not conceive how it came, or how to alter it.

"At last Annie made her appearance again; but oh, how altered! She looked the shadow of her former self, so thin and pale. She never laughed as she used to do; yet there remained a sweet angelic smile for all, and her life became one of charity to others. Edwin lingered on a few miserable months in the village after her recovery, and then, just before the birth of a son, went away to travel, leaving his child-wife to the care of her sister. He regularly sent remittances for the support of his wife and child, but returned home only at very distant intervals. His boy was named after him, and I need scarcely say was adored by his aunt. I left my home to visit a friend, and judge my surprise one morning, on taking up a paper, to see among the advertisements the following:

"'On the 4th inst., at C——, after a short illness, Mrs. Tresham, wife of Edwin Tresham, Esq.'

"Strongly-conflicting emotions arose in my mind. I cannot say grief predominated. I thought I should see my dear friend happy at last with the man she so loved. I was mistaken. Time rolled on, and Edwin proposed for the hand of Annie, but he was refused; the sacrifice to her sister was to be a complete one.

"He lived on a few years, a misery to himself, and spreading gloom on all around him. Even the children when they met him in the streets would creep tremblingly past; not that he ever spoke harshly to them, but his silent presence inspired them with awe. He died, and was buried in yonder churchyard; and not long after, his boy, the idol of his aunt, followed his parents, and was laid in the silent tomb beside them.

"My story, dear Amy, is concluded. You cannot wonder, after all I have told you, why Annie Stanley keeps so retired from the world. Her course is well-nigh run; her life has been sacrificed for the love of others, and I feel sure she will receive her reward in that better and happier world she will so soon be taken to."

FESTIVAL OF ST. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP, CONFESSOR, AND DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH.

Tagaste, formerly an obscure town on the northern shore of Africa, has become illustrious as the birthplace of Augustine, the most celebrated conquest of God's grace; by it made a Confessor, Saint, and Doctor of the Church, out of sin and heresy. He was peculiarly fated by having a pagan for his father and a saint for his mother. The greatest of earthly blessings of his childhood was a pious mother, whose dearest wish was to see the son of her affections safely folded in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Her very life was breathed in prayers for this end; and the strongest human influence Augustine experienced was the prayers of Monica. Far different was the character of the father. His sole desire and design was to have his son a fondling of the world,—wealthy and honored, receiving and bestowing homage among men, quietly oblivious of eternity, untrammelled by any allegiance to God.

Readily and quickly Augustine coincided with those paternal yearnings. He had all the qualities to insure success for his father's purpose. In his earliest school days his proficiency was marvellous. Devoting himself with all the ardor which a passionate thirst for knowledge could inspire in his ambitious nature to various branches of letters and science, he soon became renowned as a prodigy of learning. At that early period of life he plunged into the vortex of pleasure, and allowed many a billow of passion to immerge his soul. Alas! at that time vicious indulgence had no other restraint than such as an intellectual life may afford. Of faults so sincerely acknowledged and so gloriously repaired by his services to religion, nothing is to be remembered but the penitence of the saint and the mercy of God, who has forgiven them.

One quality, namely, ambition, distinguished Augustine the man, in a remarkable degree. The same ardor which inspired the literary labors of his youth, afterwards, when sanctified by grace, vivified the pure and nobler Christian aspirations of his maturer years. Alongside this quality there was early developed a principle of life by which it was refined and consecrated to the highest objects. That principle was a vague desire of the love of God, the dawn of that future intense longing after which breathes from every page of his writings, and after his conversion expressed itself in the whole tenor of his life. Never did the hart pant more intensely for the water of the fountain than did the soul of Augustine for the love of God. Throughout all the aberrations of his youth, the idea of God was familiar to his thoughts, and the want of God was the secret trouble of his heart. If, in the foaming eddies of sinning, unregenerate nature, the proper motto for his condition was, "My heart is uneasy until it rest in thee, O Lord," after his conversion, the flaming heart pierced with an arrow became the proper emblem for his great soul, which, being once penetrated by divine grace, ever after burned with the love of God.

It was not enough that this great Father of the Church, the author of a thousand works, the triumphant controversialist, the especial champion of grace, should have

been once a poor slave of the flesh, but he was the victim of a perverted intellect also. He, who of all others was to extol the grace of God, was left more than others to experience the helplessness of nature. Not being in earnest about his soul, not asking himself the question how was sin to be washed away, but rather being desirous, while youth and strength lasted, to enjoy the flesh and the world, ambitious and sensual, he judged of truth and falsehood by his private judgment and private fancy; despised the Catholic Church because it spoke so much of faith and subjection, thought to make his own reason the measure of all things, and accordingly joined a far-spread sect which affected to be philosophical and enlightened, to take large views of things, and to correct the vulgar—that is, the Catholic—notions of God and Christ, of sin and of the way to heaven. In this sect he remained for some years; yet what he was taught there did not satisfy him. It pleased him for a time, and then he found he had been eating for food what did not nourish; he became hungry and thirsty after something more substantial; he despised himself for being a slave to the flesh; he found his religion did not help him to overcome it, and he cried out, "Oh, who will tell me where to seek the truth? who will bring me to it?" The pious grief of Monica became excessive when she found her noble son enchained by the double bondage of libertinism and heresy. A bishop whom she consulted reassured her; he bade her take heart, and employ no means but prayer for his conversion. "*It was impossible that the son of so many tears should be eternally lost.*"

Having completed his academic course, he embraced the profession of "Rhetor," or public speaker and teacher of the arts of speech. The choice was characteristic. It was that profession of all others which yielded the readiest rewards to ambition. As Rhetor he established himself in his native city of Tagaste, occupying with great success that honored position. Then being in his twenty-second year, young, lively, enthusiastic, at once a glowing idealist, a dreamer of romantic visions, and a gay, gallant, and polished man of the world, he was just the person to be attractive and prosperous. The school flourished, the Rhetor prospered; but a great affliction now befell him, and embittered his brief success. A beloved friend, a companion of his boyhood, bound to him by affinity of tastes and pursuits, by early association, and all that nourishes youthful friendship, was struck down by death. The soul of Augustine was dissolved in boundless sorrow. "*My heart*," he says, "*was utterly darkened, and whatever I beheld was death. My birthplace was a torment to me, and my father's house a strange unhappiness.*" The city was a desert in which this void had opened and where this shadow lay. He removed to Carthage, where a wider and richer field was open to his ambition. He had already attained to public honors, had contended for literary prizes, and received "agonistic garlands" from proconsular hands.

Meanwhile his own predicaments, what with the ill manners of Carthaginian youths and the unquenchable fire of his bosom, were getting daily more intolerable, and finally drove him from his native land across the sea to the fore-appointed goal of his spiritual quest. There was one name which outweighed the world, comprising more and greater memories than any secular name that was named by men. Whoever uttered Rome, enunciated in one word one thousand years of power and glory. Augus-

tine was not insensible to these attractions. The world's metropolis drew him to new and nobler triumphs.

His stay at Rome was brief, and embittered by sickness of body as well as the old disquiet. His professional success was marred by the graceless habit which the Roman students had of quitting the classes before the end of the course, leaving the tuition fees unpaid. When, therefore, the prefect of the city was applied to by the authorities of Milan to send them a rhetorician at the public cost, Augustine gladly accepted the appointment obtained by his great literary renown.

To Milan he went, unconscious of the good which awaited him there, in that city of his new birth, where, out of the body of death, the soul was to lift itself into newness of life. The see of Milan was at this time occupied by a man whose praise was in all the churches of the West—a man who combined in beautiful harmony the spiritual potentate with the tender shepherd; the practical counsellor, worldly wise, with the holy man of God; the liturgical artist with the faithful preacher,—a man who could rebuke emperors and comfort poor widows as well, the perfect type of the true ecclesiastic. What August-dried fields are to September showers, the soul of Augustine was to the preaching of Ambrose, whose very name seemed a happy presage of immortal food. The first effect of this prelate's discourses was to open to him the Scriptures.

He now began the study of St. Paul's Epistles, which filled his whole soul, displacing the vague theories of philosophic sages, and setting his mind in the direction of the Catholic Church. His moral sense became roused, his conscience convicted of sin; his heart desired the needed change; he longed to be delivered from the bondage of corruption. Then a great conflict began within him—the conflict of nature with grace; of nature and her children, the flesh and false reason, against conscience and pleadings of the Divine Spirit, leading him to better things. Though he was in mortal sin and a state of perdition, yet God was visiting him and giving him the first fruits of those influences which were in the event to bring him to the glorious liberty of the children of God. He found himself often in church listening to the holy preacher, and he asked his advice how to find what he was seeking.

And now a final conflict came on with the flesh: it was hard, very hard to part with the indulgences of years; it was hard to part and never to meet again.

The impulse to determine his will came as it often does in the occurrence of a trifling occasion. He was sitting in deep dejection with his friend Alypius, whose interior state resembled his own. A mutual friend visited them, and in the course of a religious conversation he told of Anthony, the Eremite, who had literally followed the command of Christ to the rich young man, to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and then follow Him: also of two friends, on the eve of marriage, who, reading of that sacrifice, had renounced all and given themselves to God. Augustine received the narrative as an admonition to himself, and when their friend was departed he exclaimed to Alypius, "*What suffer we? The unlearned arise and take the kingdom of heaven by force, and we with our heartless learning, behold, we wallow in corruption. Are we ashamed to follow because they preceded, and not ashamed not to follow?*" He seized the volume of St. Paul's Epistles and rushed into the garden adjoin-

ing the house. There a terrible struggle ensued between vice and virtue. To use his own terse expression, "*He hesitated to die unto death and to live unto life.*" So raged the conflict in Augustine's breast. At one time his pleasant passions plucked him by his fleshy garment, and asked him if he meant to abandon them forever; then again the chaste dignity of virtue beckoned and showed him multitudes of every age and sex who had lived a pure and holy life. Still he hesitated. He turned his eye inwards, and shuddered as he looked through the rifts of passions, down into the unsunned depths of his breast, into the hideous gulfs of bottomless guile, and saw hells opened in his darkened selfish heart. Then by contrast came glimpses of the Christian's heaven: he saw in the jewelled splendor of its mystic foundations the golden city, and the nations of them that are saved walking in its light, and the river of life ever welling. And when he found himself incapable of the effort, of the will to obey the call, to come and take up his everlasting rest, a tempest of despair broke loose in his soul, and gushed in fierce torrents from his eyes. It was the death agony of the carnal will dying to self and sin. He lay as one dead; his only last thought, "*Wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?*" "TOLLE LEGE! TOLLE LEGE!" "*Take and read!*" sang the voice of a child. He obeyed this miraculous call from heaven; he opened the Epistles of St. Paul, and resolved that the words on which his eye first lighted should decide his purpose. They were these, "*Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh in your desires.*" He found the passage providentially adapted to his condition. With awe he perceived that God had spoken to his soul; and he that was in the grave heard his voice, and came forth unto the resurrection of life. The old man had dropped from him like grave-clothes; corruptible put on incorruption. He stood there a new creation; his will subdued by victorious grace; and now itself through grace victorious. He renounced all mere worldly purposes, and withdrew from public life, intending to devote himself to the service of Christian truth. He was now thirty-two years of age. Seldom has a man at that period of life had such a future unrolled before him, and never did man more nobly redeem the promise of his future with his life and works. At the Easter celebration in 387 he received from St. Ambrose the waters of baptism. On his immediate return to his native Africa he sold the property inherited from his father and gave the proceeds to the poor, reserving only so much as might suffice for the bare necessities of life. All that we could glean from a laborious analysis of his character, or from a delineation of his renown, still so fresh, unto the present day, is clearly manifested, though briefly expressed, in the promptitude and determination with which he complied with the call of heaven. God sends into the world men to illustrate, now in one age, in one nation, now in another, according to His eternal counsels, his power, and his wisdom; for his divine attributes do not discover themselves more clearly in the heavens which his omnipotence has formed than in the rare talents which he has distributed to extraordinary saintly men. What star shines more brilliantly in the firmament than Augustine does in the Church? In all the incidents of his most remarkable life, which his biographers have recorded, we find a purity and dignity of soul, a refinement of heart, an absorption

of the carnal in the spiritual being, a steady unfolding of faculties, so rare, so manifold, and so adequate to every exigency, that men looked upon him with reverential love, as though he had descended from the sanctuary of a higher world to win all by his presence to sanctity and glory. His resplendent genius embraced everything, ancient as well as modern: history, philosophy, theology, arts, and sciences. This vessel of election was so moulded by the unerring pressure of God's grace into a condition of surpassing beauty, that the whole moral being of Augustine shot up into the stature of a mighty saint, so that ere it ordinarily could have been hoped that the water of baptism had produced a springtime of virtue, the choicest nourishment of heaven had ripened his soul into the richness of summer, and hoary saints and profound scholars reaped spiritual harvests from a soil in which the world could never imagine that even the seeds had been sown. Whilst his tears were still flowing for the failings of his early life he was promoted to the priesthood. Never has there been any one since the days of the apostles more distinguished in that ministry so awfully defined in holy writ as being "*a preaching of the word of God, and a dispensation of the mysteries of the kingdom of God.*" And so truly was this the case that he was soon by acclamation of clergy and people raised to the episcopal chair of Hippo. Thenceforward his life proceeded in a career most saintly and useful, like those rivers which deepen and expand the further they extend from their source, and which carry wealth and prosperity to all the regions through which they flow. From that time he lived only for the glory of God and the welfare of the Christian Church. Having the dignity and power of a sovereign, he lived the life almost of a pauper, so simple his habits, so abstemious in his frugal fare. His mind and heart fully displayed their noble energies. His counsels were regulated by justice; he solaced the widow, cherished the orphan, and all the distressed approached him with confidence. He had for his friends all who by virtue and sanctity were illustrious in the church; he had for his enemies all who by immorality and heresy tried to destroy the kingdom of Christ. His activity was directed in part to the inner organic polity and wellbeing of the Church, and partly to literary labors, but most of all to the refutation of heretics, who threatened the integrity of the Christian fold.

What the genius and piety of St. Augustine effected in scientific disquisition, in pastoral instruction, in support of virtue, in correction of vice, we know by the vital energy which he has transmitted through the life of the Church, and which has in unimpaired vigor survived the demise of so many generations. The substance of his sermons is now preached in the languages of every Christian people; the canonical regulations of the Church are still framed according to his wise provisions for ecclesiastical polity. The daring speculations of infidelity are daily overawed by the prowess of truth, with which he prostrated Manicheans, Pelagians, Donatists, and other numerous hosts of unbelievers. For every convicted penitent the bitterness of remorse is assuaged in the sweetness of holy contrition, by his Confessions; whilst those who are privileged to seek union with God, and the rich entertainment of heavenly prospects, his Meditations open out vistas through which are seen the orb of celestial light, and transfuse an unction through all the sensibilities of the soul. How

delightfully do we trace the effects of grace on the pages which record the effusions of his mind. His words flowed from a heaven-born principle, apprehending truths above the ordinary ken of the human intellect, and catching glories that defy the power of imagination. The most fertile in genius, the most toilsome in learned labor, have been astonished at the sight of the numerous and ponderous folios into which the pen of Augustine crowded disquisitions in every department of science and literature. We can look nowhere throughout the Church without perceiving vestiges of his apostolic zeal. He has inscribed his fame in the numerous charitable and religious foundations which owe their existence to his model for the regular observance of Christian life: innumerable are the churches, schools, &c., which come into being under the augury of Augustine's name, and are to this day, in every circle of civilization, monuments of his energetic benevolence.

In 430, Hippo was besieged by Genseric, the Vandal king, but before it fell the fleshy citadel of its bishop was stormed and carried by the arch invader, Death, who spares neither civilized nor barbarian, nor saint nor sinner. After ten days' illness, spent in prayer and penance, with the penitential psalms affixed for convenience to the wall by his bedside, on the 28th of August he laid down the burden of his seventy-five years, and passed victorious on from life to life. His vacant bishopric had no successor. Africa fell into the hands of Genseric. That cherished jewel of the Roman empire sparkled awhile in the diadem of the Vandal. The Greek supplanted the Vandal, the Saracen supplanted the Greek. Africa was blotted out from the map of Christendom, but Christian Africa had produced one plant whose fragrance escaped the desolations of the sword, and whose seed has survived the dissolutions of time. In Bona, to this day, the memory of Augustine endures as that of the Gheber Saint who taught the religion of the Son of Mary before the birth of Mohammed. Most precious to us that great memory. We admire the mighty energy which bore the earthly accidents and name of Augustine; we honor the laborious and unwearied devotion to Christ and the Church, which knew no pause and asked no reward but the rest that remaineth for the people of God; we revere the steadfast virtue which, by grace abounding, could trample at once on lusts long indulged, and walk unswerving in the teeth of such passions the elected path of ascetic abnegation. To all Christendom for evermore the name of Augustine stands for a spiritual fact of holiest import. A conversion more satisfactory and complete, with such antecedents, on such a level of intellectual life, the annals of religion do not record. Here is a man who was dead and lived again; who, past the bloom of life, turned right about in the path he was treading, and ever after, with his back to the world and his face toward God, for forty long years, made every day of his life the round of a ladder by which he climbed into glory.

OUR COLLEGES AND THEIR CATALOGUES.

We have before us a pile of college catalogues and school circulars; a huge pile made up of contributions from the four quarters of the great republic; pamphlets, speaking of the labors of the sons of Loyola, the disciples of Augustine, and the followers of La Salle. In all may be found proofs of the zeal which inspires those willing laborers in the most trying portion of Christ's vineyard. In some there is doubtless greater evidence of system, the fruit of experience, but in all it is apparent that if good be not accomplished, the upright intentions of presiding rectors or directors, call them as you will, is in no way to be questioned. In many of these catalogues we notice that the nursery of learning is placed by the side of the church, carrying out the practice of the Middle Ages, in which the monks held their duty only half accomplished when they had erected a temple to the Creator, and only resting when to this they had added the seminary, whence were to proceed the future monks and laymen whose knowledge and virtue were to be the chief supports of the Church. While we find so much in these catalogues to recommend their compilers to the confidence of the public, it would be wrong to say that many of them do not offer a wide margin for criticism. As it would be unfair to look upon the bright side alone, we may devote some attention to what one may judge open to review in these pamphlets, reserving a sufficient portion of our article for reference to the many agreeable facts and statements they contain.

At first sight we are struck by the comparatively small number of students attending the older institutions. How to explain it we know not. Is it that the professors have become careless, and rely too much on the prestige of the name won years and years ago? or is it that the younger institutions, full of the vigor of youth, and feeling the necessity of greater exertion, surpass in industry their older competitors? We leave these questions to be answered by those more intimately acquainted with the particulars of the case. There may be some explanation of this state of the question, however, in the fact that the old institutions are no longer centrally situated, or that the late war, having broken the tide of prosperity, this has since flown into other channels; and yet we may be able to give a partial explanation for this anomalous condition of things by another statement. In olden times, many of these institutions employed a considerable number of ecclesiastical students in the intermediate classes, young men who obtained their own education by devoting a certain portion of their time to teaching in the primary departments. But these men were distinguished alike for their strength of character and brightness of intellect. Look back to the days when Hughes and such were teachers, and shall we wonder that they made a name for the institutions to which they were attached? The same practice still holds in these institutions, but we doubt if the same standard is required either in the assistant teachers or his pupils. But this will not explain why all the older institutions are falling off in numbers. It certainly will not remove the astonishment we experience in seeing in the Georgetown College Report for 1872–73 that this institution, renowned throughout the

entire land, and deservedly so, can only present a roll of one hundred and eighty-seven students. No one has even whispered reproach against this venerable nursery of learning, and we must anew express our surprise at the smallness of its numbers, for it must not be forgotten that fully ten per cent. must be allowed off all college rolls for scholars who have only spent a portion of the year in the institute, leaving in the case of Georgetown say an average attendance of one hundred and seventy scholars, many of these (forty?) day-scholars, we believe, from Washington or Georgetown, exclusive of the law and medical departments, which do not strictly belong to the college. Of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, the same must be said. Its numbers are very small, and the home which once harbored and now prides itself on such students as Hughes and Purcell, no longer counts as many students as colleges whose years can be numbered in less than two decades. It is not pretended by any one that this venerable cradle of the Catholic Church in America is not deserving of the greatest patronage. Never did president deserve greater praise, or bring more wisdom to his position, than Dr. McCaffrey, who, during so many years, guided its destinies. Nor can it be said that it is no longer esteemed by the highest functionaries of the Church. To none do more of the first dignitaries of the Church attend, than at the closing exercises of classic Mt. St. Mary's. Proceeding east, and examining the catalogues of the old institutions, affords no relief to the aspect. Here we will find one, directed by as learned a body as can be shown in any institution, counting only some ninety students, this number including the ecclesiastics studying in the novitiate attached to the college, and yet it has one of the most beautiful sites, and is situated in as healthy a locality as can be found, notwithstanding which its numbers are still on the decrease. This state of affairs presents itself between the old and the new institutions, even where both are directed by members of the same order. Thus in Chicago, St. Ignatius College, of quite recent origin, shows a most healthy condition of progress, while the institute bearing the same name in Baltimore, is evidently not meeting the same measure of success, if we compare this year's catalogue with former ones. The Christian Brothers' College in St. Louis also shows smaller numbers, due in part, no doubt, to the opening of two select schools by the Brothers in other parts of the city, though this is not sufficient reason; while Manhattan College, New York, and Rock Hill College near Baltimore, show higher figures than in any previous year. The same is true of Notre Dame University, Indiana. Here also we may mention a remarkable phase in the question of numbers. The graduates from these various establishments seem to be in an inverse ratio to the numbers attending. Thus in those having but small proportional attendance, the graduates are "turned out" by the dozen, while those having largest numbers appear most sparing of their honors. With all due respect to the managers of these various institutions, we suggest that by requiring harder work and being more positive in their refusal of collegiate honors to all but really deserving students, the first step toward an improvement of patronage will have been effected.

In many of these catalogues we look in vain for information which will give a correct idea of how the institutions are directed, or the particular features distinguishing one from the others. This is to be regretted, for education is a ques-

tion of so much importance that each individual has a claim on the experience and information of others engaged in a like occupation. The true educator desires not only his own personal success, but the general good of the cause of education. Hence, when any particular plan has been pursued in the study of a specialty, the same proving successful, we hold it an understood duty between Catholic teachers, that such plan and its method of adaptation should be made public property. This would do more toward improving colleges than any number of conventions at which but few persons can attend. Were such a plan adopted, some catalogues would be more than a mere pamphlet containing a synopsis of the course of studies and a list of students. To intelligent teachers and parents it is a matter of the greatest indifference whether John Smith lives in Brooklyn or St. Louis, but it is of the greatest interest for both to know what method is pursued in teaching John Smith history, grammar, or natural philosophy. It will, doubtless, require a great amount of labor to prepare a catalogue containing even a short sketch descriptive of the methods pursued in each branch, but this difficulty might be overcome by dividing the labor, or by presenting only a part of the system each year.

Thus we would desire nothing more than professional friends' views as to the best method of teaching history: whether it should be as a memory lesson or studied in connection with reading; if it should be combined with geography, or made a part of the English literature course. In like manner could the subject of geometry be taken up and discussed. Should this branch be taught theoretically, as in Loomis and Robinson, or should each problem or each book be followed by practical applications, as in Brooks's latest work. Here are but two branches, and yet what a field for interchange of ideas and results? Who will be the first to act on the suggestion? Some of our Protestant friends have already carried out this plan, but it yet remains partially undeveloped.

It may be replied that such an interchange of ideas could be best carried out through some scientific journal. This is partly true, and yet we are not certain that our professors would encourage such a method of communication. When such information appears in a catalogue, the credit is more direct, and the *bona fide* character of the suggestions far greater than any that might be furnished through the press. Such an interchange of sentiment would also tend to harmonize the general character of the teaching in all our Catholic colleges, and would thus prepare students better to meet afterwards in friendly contest in the various societies which are becoming so general throughout the country. And, if the question of a Catholic university should ever take a practical shape, then students coming from various colleges would be better prepared to enter a common course without the many disadvantages which now arise from the multifarious systems and text-books in use.

This will demand, of course, concession from all parties; but no one is worthy the vocation of teacher who is not disposed to learn from any one who has information to impart. The road up the hill of science is tortuous, and no one should be so foolhardy as to prefer finding a path for himself rather than follow a guide, however uninviting his appearance. In the counsels of many there is found wisdom, and in scientific and literary teaching, as in all else, he

who is his own sole guide "has a fool for his master." We notice with gratification a move towards this interchange of experience which we advocate. In former years it was quite unusual for the presidents of colleges to assist at commencements of what were termed "rival" institutions. Happily this is passing away. It is now no uncommon occurrence for the principals of institutions, rivals if you will, to meet at commencement exercises. Gradually ground is thus broken, and the time approaching when all will meet on the platform of mutual esteem to consider the vital questions relating to the best interests of education.

If the cause of education be that which we advocate, private interest must give way, else we are hirelings, pretending to love education, and still clinging to the pet views which the experience of our neighbors and friends in the same field may have long since exploded. A Catholic teacher's views should be broad, and still dependent. There is room for everybody; the work is too vast for all the laborers in the vineyard; why let jealousy prevent a common cause from begetting a common interest through mutual concession? If our neighbors have anything to teach us, why, by all means, let us not refuse to learn; and, if we are unwilling to do this, then, in the name of the work we would dishonor, let us, to use an Americanism, "clear the track," and not impede by our inactivity the car of progress, which cannot be stopped, though, while our remains are being removed, it may be delayed.

Within three or four years a very pleasing feature has been introduced into many catalogues. We mean the publishing of the names of those generous friends of education who present medals, scholarships, or other equally acceptable offerings. The number of Catholic gentlemen so distinguishing themselves is yet small, but example is the most potent agent in such cases. We do not think it at all improper that wealthy Catholics should be called upon and impressed with the necessity of encouraging Catholic institutions. It is too common an idea to imagine one's duty fulfilled when a thousand or so have been given to the parish church. Nothing could be more false. While we write, the *Freeman's Journal* is placed before us, and so much to the point is the only editorial in this issue that we republish it in part here.

. . . "One of these days the providential immigration of Catholics, that has marked the last quarter of a century, will be, if not discontinued, at least very greatly diminished. When this happens, the Church in the United States will be left to its own resources. It will not be the influx of vast numbers of immigrants, with strong arms and fervent faith, building churches for others, as well as for themselves. The Catholics of the United States will then have to build their own churches—or, at least, to keep the roofs on the churches already built for them. This latter, we may be sure, will be all they will be able or disposed to do, except they wake up, at once, to the imperative duty imposed on them of withdrawing the Catholic children from schools hostile to their religion. This is the first and most urgent of their duties. Our churches are none too fine, and there are not half enough of them, especially in the great cities of the Atlantic coast. But more important than churches—more important, especially, than *fine* churches—is the saving of the children of Catholics from irreligion. This can be done only by withdrawing them from all schools over which the

Catholic Church, by its clergy, has not supervision and control.

"The word that was sounded twenty years ago, 'The schoolhouse *first*, and then the Church,' is more than ever necessary to be repeated now."

As though the Catholic mind had been awakened on all sides at the same moment, we find allusions to this subject in the *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, even more explicit. The article is too good for us to mutilate, hence we give it entire:

"The Church in this country is supported mainly by foreign Catholics. The Irish and German people do their part nobly. It behooves American-born Catholics to be up and doing, or the great interests we all have at stake, so far as those interests can be affected by our efforts or shortcomings, will be materially obstructed. If a collection is to be taken up, a charity to be promoted, a church to be built, ask our priests to whom they look for the main donations. They will tell you that it is to the dust-covered hands of our laboring classes, and to the offerings of servant girls, and other workers in the humbler walks, that the chief revenues of the Church are looked for as their main reliance. Perhaps it is one of the legitimate consequences of the precept of the Gospel, which tells us Christ loves the poor, that renders this exemplification of the large-hearted charity of that class so notably conspicuous, in contrast with the halting and well-calculated charity of the rich. But the history of Christianity is not without signal illustrations of the princely generosity and heroic charity of the more favored classes of society. Great kings and gentle queens, puissant lords and mighty gentlemen, have frequently vied with each other in the walks of benevolence and good deeds. Many a royal jewel has been sold to help the Church; many a great merchant and many a famed millionaire have turned their precious argosies or grandest ventures into holy offerings at the shrine of the Church, and lifted the venerated cause of Christianity, so far as material aid can do it, above the necessities of want, and the restricted measure of individual efforts and trifling operations.

"We look to our rich American Catholics for the performance of much more than has yet been done. Why is it that the noble and munificent charities of this or that single and far-separated Catholic are so widely known and so much applauded? It is true the praise is merited. But the main reason of the widespread reputation for generosity which your liberally-minded Christian enjoys is the rarity of the species. He is a rarity of Christian charity. His deeds are so seldom performed, his companions are so few, his sublime zeal for the glory of God is so little shared in by his fellows, that we necessarily clap our hands and rejoice whenever he appears on a scene with which we are unfortunately so unfamiliar. Is the Church to thrive by the efforts of the poor alone? We cannot take into account the isolated instances of wealthy contributors to the revenues of Catholic charity in deducing conclusions from a given and common state of American society. We must give to the poor the credit of what has been done for the Church, and the immense glory for their magnificent achievements. But we are not without hope, that as God has blessed many American Catholics with an abundance of this world's goods, and as His Church sorely needs the services of every one of us, that the great and the powerful will hereafter clasp hands with the lowly and the poor in lifting up the hands of our ecclesiastical leaders, and swelling the revenues

of the Church, and of its holy and beneficent institutions, till the tide of prosperity turns inward and upward, and Catholicity shall receive its meed from the hands of us all."

And what these journals say about founding schools where children of Catholics may be taught is equally applicable in another sense to the duty of encouraging these higher schools whence our Catholic teachers must hereafter come.

This is the true position of Catholics in the case, and yet much in the way of encouragement might be done by institutions to induce this co-operation so much needed by such colleges as have so far advanced as to require large buildings for their increasing patronage, or expensive appliances for the teaching of the natural sciences and kindred branches. It should be considered among Catholic colleges that any person presenting a certain sum to one should be deemed the friend of all, and as such entitled to general respect and consideration. Thus it might be well for all college catalogues to mention the names of these benefactors when known; or, if this be not acceptable, though it cannot be deemed impracticable, then let such names be published in all our Catholic papers, save where such a course is directly opposed to the wishes of the benefactors. This would do more towards begetting the interest which wealthy Catholics should take in our colleges than any amount of abuse, or ill-tempered advice, which few will read, and still fewer heed. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the intelligence of Catholic educators, that this liberal view of the case may be taken. Once all our professors shall conclude that education is the common cause, and that whoso helps one helps all, then, and not till then, shall we be able to induce those who have the means to manifest their good-will. The want of harmony among Catholic teachers of various institutions has done more to retard progress than all the abuse and vituperation of the enemies of Catholic higher education.

Throwing out these suggestions for what they may be worth, we have yet one remark to make, a most important one in connection with the subject under discussion. Catholic gentlemen who have become wealthy, if they are anything, are practical. All that savors of bombast is sure to incur their displeasure, and to beget distrust. Hence it may be well to call the attention of our friends to a most humiliating, but most amusing phase of our educational institutions; we mean the annual puffs furnished schools, from the primary to the university, by our good-natured Catholic press. It is safe to say there is not one exception in the whole range of Catholic periodicals. One and all deal in the most hyperbolical language when describing the wonderful character of the "late exercises." No discrimination is made between the little urchin who rattles off "The boy stood on the burning deck," and the graduate who, by hard labor and months of study, has prepared his valedictory or his prize essay. All were "excellent;" in fact, leaving out names and dates, stereotype plates of these annual notices might be obtained, and a mere insertion of those portions omitted would make the article complete. It is a sign of weakness of character for editors to write such notices (if they are not furnished by the teachers themselves), while it is equally a mark of puerility of mind that teachers should accept such meaningless vaporisms as praise.

An item of much significance in

all the catalogues is the assurance that select libraries are gradually being founded. Little value need be placed on mere numbers. When presidents of colleges desire to impress thinking men with the value of libraries, something about the matter rather than the quantity or number will be to the point. In the Georgetown College catalogue we find some information of the class solicited, when it states that, among the thirty thousand volumes in the library, "there are many rare and curious works. There are one hundred volumes printed between the years 1460 and 1520, three manuscripts anterior to the year 1400, and others of later dates." How agreeable it would be to know the titles of these rare volumes! Might not such a list be given at once? Would it not probably tell many a diligent student where he might find information he has sought in vain elsewhere?

A proper direction of the literary tastes of students cannot be better effected than by a strict compliance with the spirit of the paragraph which we here republish, and which may be found under different forms in several of the catalogues.

"Our own language receives special attention. The daily exercises of the students in grammar, composition, and rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class-room. The English classics are read with all the attention bestowed on a Latin or Greek author, and words, idioms, striking expressions, and historical allusions, are dwelt upon in the spirit of sound criticism and philology. It is a method productive of the happiest results. It imparts the right use of words, develops a style in strict accordance with the genius of the vernacular, and cultivates for the more solid works in our literature a taste which is likely to be ill satisfied with the frivolous productions of the day."

In this way should Catholics be taught to appreciate the old works which took their inspiration, if they did not even owe their execution to Catholic sentiment and talent.

Doctor Brownson, whom none will accuse as sanguine, pays a high compliment in his last number to those schools carrying out this strict training in literature. He says in substance that the number of new books published by Catholics is evidence that we are becoming a reading people, and this is due to the education and instruction given within the last ten years by our colleges and convents.

Literary societies when properly directed also tend to improve the tastes and address of young men. Hence we find such in all our colleges, while in some are added to the literary societies, glee clubs, which cannot fail to render literary exercises more entertaining by the variety lent them through the introduction of music. "I am persuaded," says the Bishop of Orleans, "that the music of Pergolese, Palestrina, Mozart, &c., and of their true disciples, may have a profound influence on the minds of young persons, and contribute much to the success of a true and noble education." It should be remarked that in the catalogues there is no mention made of the class or style of music rehearsed by these philharmonic societies, though this would give a key to the character, intelligence, and spirit of the members.

And if college baseball clubs meet in friendly contest, with the approbation of presidents, why should not the philharmonic societies also meet and give an occasional display of their ability? Is it because students are their own teachers in baseball that they do

so much better than where a music teacher has control of the other department? or are baseball and boat-racing more refining in their influence than Melpomene?

We look in vain also for any information about the subjects discussed by the literary societies. Nothing is easier than to elect a president, secretary, treasurer, &c.; but when so much space is taken up in publishing names, why not leave the domain of figures just for a moment to enter the realm of fact. A catalogue should be a mirror, and not a blind; in many instances the nature of the latter is more apparent than the former, at least in portions of these pamphlets. In boarding-schools these associations are to be recommended, but in day-colleges it would seem better to allow young gentlemen to join one of the principal Catholic literary societies to be already found in every city. The aim of Catholics should be union of action, and not division of sentiment. Two poor societies will not have any effect, while one good one will produce fair results. Clubs are of a different character; there must be as many as there are distinct localities in the city; but in literary societies the object should be consolidation of numbers and concentration of talent.

The same privilege might be granted college literary societies that is given the baseball clubs. Now and then a friendly debate might take place between different schools, provided college presidents will only become more considerate, and allow their students to judge their work by comparison. There is no better means of creating and preserving a spirit of mutual interest than these societies and sodalities; at the same time it is a matter of great satisfaction that there is not even the least sign that any such societies as are called "secret" have existence in our colleges. Yet such prominence have these attained in Protestant colleges that they are now being made the subject of investigation, with what result yet remains to be seen. During the past year the greater number of colleges received a circular from a Western publisher asking for a list and particulars of all the secret societies existing in universities and colleges. Catholic parents should take a lesson from this last fact, and beware of the danger incurred by placing their sons in Protestant colleges, however good, where they may become attached to societies which will place them under the displeasure of the professors while preparing them to afterwards join *orders*, a connection with which will place them under the censure of the Church.

Should these remarks be productive of any good in eliciting more care in the future catalogues of our colleges, while at the same time calling the attention of Catholic parents generally to the great advantages so clearly indicated by these catalogues, imperfect as they are, the object for which the present task was undertaken will be fully attained.

THE DEAR CHILDREN.

The children come,
They come with souls just stamped by God's dread touch;
So white, so wondrous, earth stands awed by such,
Though the fair souls are dumb!

The children stay,
And that dread impress speaks with echoes loud
In all their simple ways, so we, the proud,
Before them tribute lay.

The children wait,
They wait for us that impress to keep fair,
To guard its miracle so sweet and rare
From blot of our sad state.

The children gaze,
They gaze, in wonder, at our care and strife;
They play, and smile at what *they* find in life,
Owning God's tender ways.

The children pray,
They say "Our Father," and the name is all,
Hope, love, protection! In its holy thrall
Their stainless souls they lay.

The children teach,
They win, they cast a spell our hearts around,
They bring to us a joy in nought else found,
And lo! God's word they preach!

The children say,
"Oh! leave the world, and live in our sweet faith;
God reigns, and through us, to your souls He saith,
I am the one true way!"

The children say,
"Be with us, for 'of such' is Heaven made,
So little, and so needing, Father—aid,
We'll lead you to the Day!"

The children live,
They chain us, they entrance us, ah! of God,
Their spell of witchery; no hidden rod
To us their fair lives give.

Alas! alas!
The children die. God and His angels smile,
And hope lies buried in our hearts the while
To His true care they pass!

The children lie
In tear-environed graves, where angels keep
Sweet watch for those who, stricken, come to weep,
Ah! God Himself is nigh.

The children sleep,
But we, awake, come, all our needs to lay
Where wait God's angels round the holy clay;
'Tis at His feet we weep!

Yes; He is there!
If all the world fail His deep love to show,
That sod, where His dear "little one" sleeps low,
Will answer speak to prayer!

HONESTA'S SORROW.

Chapter I.

From one of the best known squares in Hamburg a long narrow street, with dilapidated houses and shops on each side, leads to the now forsaken Temple of the Muses. Leaving this to the left, the small houses continue for a space, and you then come to a high paling, whose green moss-covered planks clearly show that neither the painter's brush nor the tar-link has touched it for many years. Here and there a piece of some plank has been eaten away by time, and there are occasional gaps through which the curious may get a peep at the garden which they surround; for only a few privileged people can enter within the inclosure. The most beautiful shrubs, plants, and flowers were blooming amongst the commonest weeds; the paths were covered with long grass, the flower-beds no longer bore their original shape. A profusion of plants blossomed and withered all the year round, without any one rejoicing in their beauty; fruit trees, whose branches were thickly clothed with moss, bore fruit which no one gathered, and which, like the flowers in the wilderness, in vain unfolded the splendor of their blossoms, in vain invited to the enjoyment of their fruits. The hedge of gooseberry-bushes, untouched by the pruning-knife, threw up its tall green shoots; the vine, which had formerly been carefully trained, crept on the ground among weeds and grass; and in one corner was a bower so completely overgrown that you could enter it only by forcing an entrance.

At the further end of this silent desolate garden was an old building in perfect keeping with its desolate appearance. It was gray and weather-beaten, and a number of broken windows showed too plainly that it was equally neglected with the garden. Those of the lower range were secured with shutters, in which the skill of the carpenter had cut a heart-shaped aperture, which admitted a few rays of light into the apartments.

Looked at from a distance the house must have been considered uninhabited, for no living soul ever appeared at the uncurtained windows; but on a nearer approach, the loud barking of the dogs proved

the contrary to any one who had courage to raise the knocker undeterred by fear of the enraged animals.

After a time of patient waiting, the heavy iron bolts were withdrawn, and the door was opened by a little but very old servant. The appearance of this person was not attractive, for not only was her form misshapen, but her face was scarred by small-pox; her eyes, in consequence of this disease, were dim and inflamed, and her look was squinting and uncertain.

"What do you want?" was always the demand of this witch-like portress, as soon as she had opened the door, for the defect in her vision prevented her from recognizing the countenances even of those she had seen before.

The name being given, the portress, after quieting the dogs, admitted the visitor, and, having again bolted the house-door, she unlocked a reception-room, begged you to enter, and went to announce the visitor to her mistress.

You had now time to look around at the splendid apartment of one of the richest women in Hamburg. It was, indeed, a beautiful room, and the furniture was costly; but there was the same desolate look about it as was borne by everything which belonged to this singular place. The apartment, lighted only by the light which entered through the heart-shaped apertures in the window-shutters, was hung with tapestry, upon which there remained here and there traces of golden flowers and foliage, although damp and time had destroyed the greater part of it. Here and there a nail or a part of the wall had given way, and at those places the tapestry hung down and was moved by the air which entered through the broken windows, like weather-beaten flags; and the stiff masses grating against the wall had a singular and unpleasing sound. The high-backed chairs were covered with faded crimson velvet, which was also falling into decay. Under the high and very broad pier-glasses, the frames of which had been richly gilt, were small gilded tables, whose carved woodwork proved their great age. Pencil sketches of extraordinary beauty hung on the walls, showing the great proficiency of the artist, who was, without exception, the most excellent, unfortunate, and remarkable person whom I have met with in the course of my life.

After a short time the door opened, and the companion of the mistress of the house, a polite and pleasing person, appeared. By this lady I was conducted to a room on the next floor, where I was received by a tall, pale lady, dressed simply in white muslin, who met me with graceful cordiality, and whose conversation and the attention she paid me gave me great gratification.

Honesta—this was the lady's name—soon turned the conversation to literature and art, and spoke on these subjects in a way that showed that her acquaintance with them was not merely superficial. The interest she appeared to take in these questions was the more surprising, as she had for a long time entirely secluded herself from the world, and lived only in the past. Her conversation had a peculiar charm. Not only had she devoted a good deal of her time to general literature, to science, and to art, but she had deeply studied the character of man. She could appreciate the various conditions of human life, could understand the movements of the heart, and honor the great and beautiful feelings with which she so fully sympathized. In her company you felt free from restraint; she instructed and elevated you, while at the same time she made you feel that you were appreciated and understood. It was not equally easy to get on

friendly terms with her tribe of ugly, intrusive dogs, though even the annoyance they caused bore a modified aspect when it was known that it was rather the kindness of Honesta's heart than any affection for these animals that led her to allow them so much license. It was well known in the neighborhood that, in observance of the biblical precept, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," all creatures of this kind who owned no master were sure to find shelter with her; and so it often happened that the man who wished to get rid of his dog, and did not like to kill it, tied it to the stem of one of the moss-covered trees of the garden, where it was sure to attract the attention of the mistress of the place by its cries and howls, and would secure her care and protection.

After an absence of four years I returned to Hamburg, and my first thought was to go to Honesta, who had always taken a kind interest in me and my affairs, and inform her of my return, with the hope of renewing the intercourse with her that had been such a source of pleasure to me before my departure.

The wild garden was in much the same state as formerly, only the weeds had, upon the whole, gained ground, and almost completely choked up the flowering plants.

It was late in the autumn; an icy rain fell from the gray evening sky, and a quantity of fruit which had fallen from the trees and bushes lay as formerly on the ground. But in the house things seemed to have altered greatly, for the door was not bolted, and I entered without difficulty. The old servant came with a light in her hand to meet me, and I saw that her eyes were sadder and redder than usual from tears which she had been shedding. She did not remember me till I had mentioned my name, and then she again burst into tears, and said with sobs, "You will never see my dear mistress again, she is dying."

The words and the deep sorrow of the good old woman made me shudder, and I could not restrain my tears. This at once won the heart of the faithful creature.

"Yes, you may well weep for her," said she, after she had sat down by me, which she had never done before; "she was very fond of you, and spoke a great deal of you, more than perhaps you might think. Ah! there will be many tears shed for her, for she was an angel of goodness, and none ever went from her door without relief."

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of a bell; she begged me to remain, and she would tell her mistress that I was there, as it might give her pleasure to see me once more before her end.

I waited for my summons with deep emotion, seated upon one of the old red-covered chairs. At last the old servant returned, and said with a broken voice that her mistress was pleased to hear of my return, and wished to see me.

"Does she know that she is dying?" I asked.

"Oh! from the beginning of her illness," answered the old woman, "she has said that she should never rise from her bed."

"And how does she bear this conviction?"

"As she has borne all the events of her life, with quiet and content," said the woman; "and now she has received the last Sacraments, and is prepared for death whenever it may come. Oh! she was gentle as an angel, and so good."

Sorrow overpowered the faithful old creature; she led me to the stairs, and went before me with the light; she then opened the door very quietly, and I entered the well-known room. It was still as death; a light burned on the table, and the door of the sleeping-room stood

open. I stepped into it, and gazed on the bed on which lay Honesta, with her face pale, but little altered, turned towards me.

Her eyes, always beautiful, were now particularly bright, as if shining with the light of eternity; she recognized me at once.

"It is a happiness that you are come to take leave of your old friend," she said in the gentle voice which had so often made its way to my heart, at the same time giving me her hand, which I took and pressed to my heart. "But," she continued, "have you strength to see any one die? Will it not be too great a trial for you?"

"You will not die yet, dear, much-loved friend," I cried, "you will live to be happy yourself and to make others so."

"No, my child, I shall die in a few hours; and oh! what a happiness, that death will come on this day," she said in a joyful voice.

"Is it not true, Sophy," turning to the companion of so many years, who, lost in sorrow, was sitting at the foot of the bed, "is it not true that death will give me the happiness of dying on this day, this 18th November?"

She was silent, and sank into thought, then she continued:

"Life may be a burden to many, but to me it was especially so, because I was too proud to complain of sorrows which I had created for myself. Here, here," she pointed to her heart, "here I have kept it locked up for fifty long years, and have smiled with my lips while the most cruel pain was wearing me. I would not be pitied; this was my nature; I did not believe that it would alleviate my sufferings, certainly not so effectually as the consolation I derive from the fountain of religion. Mourn not therefore for my death; for fifty years of suffering is a long time, fifty years! O my God."

She was silent; then she again took my hand, and asked with a trembling voice:

"Have you ever loved, my child? or do you now love?"

"I have become a happy wife and mother since we last met," I answered with emotion.

"What happiness! may God, who has already blessed you, increase the blessing a thousand fold," she exclaimed in a joyful and firm voice. "But now other thoughts must occupy my mind, yet it is a comfort to me to think that I shall die in the arms of a happy and loving wife; will you promise this?"

"Yes, I will," I cried, and I knelt on her bed and wound my arms around her: "God will give me strength not to disturb the peaceful death of the dearest, noblest of beings by any unworthy weakness."

"Very right, my child," she replied, visibly affected. "And is not death only a mere beginning? Is not the setting sun equally a rising one? The day of my life here has been a sad and a dark one; why should I regret that it has come to an end? You shall learn my history, my child; it may be instructive to many, and for this reason I have written it down. Will you receive it as a legacy?"

I could not answer; I only bent my head, upon which she turned to her companion and begged her to bring her a black ebony box which was in her desk. She took out a packet and handed it to me.

"Take it," she said in a voice which had now become feeble, "it remains with you to make what use you please of these papers upon which have fallen the bitter tears of one who has confided to them her inmost feelings."

She leaned back on her pillow, her countenance became more calm and peaceful, she folded her hands as if in prayer, and her lips moved gently, though we heard no sound.

A deep silence prevailed, broken only by the ticking of the clock, and an occasional sob from Sophy, who, old and weak, had lost all control over her feelings; the breathing of our dear dying one became deeper and heavier, a slight movement passed now and then over her face; then a look of heavenly sweetness, an indescribable smile played round her half-open lips, a deep sigh, a shudder which shook her stiffening limbs—and Honesta was no more. The sun of her life had gone down to arise elsewhere.

Chapter II.

The manuscript committed to my care was as follows: "I never knew my mother, for she lost her life in the very hour in which I first saw the light. My poor mother looked on her child, smiled, sighed, and died. But I had still a father, and when I speak of him as one of the most distinguished men of his time, as both noble and talented, I only do him justice. Yet he had his imperfections; he hated and despised mankind to such a degree that he was blind to the perfections of others, and his unconquerable habit of distrust often rendered him unjust. His lot had certainly been singular; the friend of his soul proved a traitor to him; the prince he had faithfully served banished him, and he was deceived in the woman in whose affection he hoped to find compensation for all that he had lost; yet this gave him no reason to hate and despise the whole human race, as he did.

"He never mentioned my mother's name; I never saw a picture of her, nor a scrap of her writing; it was as if she had never existed, for she left no trace behind. If, as my ideas unfolded, I questioned my father about her, his fine countenance darkened, a sigh escaped him, and his answer was 'Do not ask about her, my child; your questions pain me.'

"I learned afterwards, about the time of my father's death, that he had given his hand to my mother, who was a poor fatherless but most lovely girl, with the purest and truest affection, and had believed himself certain of her love in return; but after her early death, he made the discovery that another had possessed her heart at the time that she swore eternal love and truth to him before the altar of God. My father's rival was a poor young man whose future prospects were so uncertain that my mother's relations used all their endeavors to persuade her to forsake her early love, and to give her hand to my father, a man of wealth and consideration.

"The marriage remained for a long time childless, and this was the only drawback to my father's happiness; but at last it was completed by the birth of a little girl. His joy knew no bounds when he took me in his arms. But too soon was it troubled; an unexpected change took place in my mother, and a few hours after my birth, she expired. My father was stunned, and this misfortune, the greatest he had experienced in his changeful life, threatened to disturb his reason. In vain did his friends offer him the consolations of religion; his sorrow amounted to despair, when one day in turning over a desk of my mother's, he found a packet of letters carefully tied up. He unfastened the band and read, he then joined his hands and broke out into a fit of laughter which caused every one who heard it to tremble, for they believed it to be an outbreak of the madness they had so long apprehended.

"But these letters were in fact his cure. They were the letters written to my mother till the time of her marriage by her early lover! they contained the history of her

heart, and added to the rest, her keeping them proved that while bestowing upon her all his affection, he had never possessed hers at all.

"He now became more calm, he burned all these letters, and all the other papers belonging to my mother; her picture which had hitherto hung at the head of his bed was taken down, and likewise given to the flames; in short every trace of the existence of the being, who had been so dearly loved, was destroyed with so much care that not the slightest evidence was left remaining of it. They could not succeed in persuading him to wear mourning, and in order to escape being worried about matters of this kind, he dismissed his servants, sold his estate on the Rhine, and went to Hamburg, where he had formerly lived, accompanied only by me and my nurse.

"As he was still a wealthy man, he purchased an estate and built for his residence the house in which he died, and in which I also hope to pass away.

"I do not know whether during my early childhood, my father exhibited towards me the tenderness usual with parents, but as I grew up, I missed very painfully the outward demonstration of it. It is true, he was never rough or unkind to me; he never denied me the gratification of any innocent, childish wish, but I never heard a loving word from his lips, never received the caresses which are lavished upon the children of happier parents.

"My father had so completely separated himself from the rest of mankind that, with the exception of an old servant, who also played the part of gardener, and a maid who took care of the house, no stranger ever approached us. The garden gate was always locked, and a high paling completely surrounded it, so that it was impossible to get access to us. The necessary purchases were made by the housekeeper, and the rest was looked after by the gardener, who was faithful and intelligent, and greatly attached to me.

"Thus I knew nothing of the great populous town in the midst of which I was living, excepting our own house and garden; I had no other pleasure than that of learning, and in its season, that afforded by the garden. It was indeed a beautiful place, for my father spent large sums upon its improvement, and Nicholas, that was the name of our servant, was always commended when he ornamented it with the new flowering shrubs, for which he often paid a high price.

"I cannot describe the pleasure which filled my young heart at each return of spring, when the snow melted away, and here and there a flower burst forth from the ground; when I saw the active, industrious Nicholas busied with spade and rake in putting the beds in order, and pruning and training the vine; and when at last the bright children of spring, the painted tulip, the powdered auricula, the sweet hyacinth, and the gay crocus unfolded their brilliant blossoms, while a crowd of little birds twittered in the budding fruit trees, oh! with what happiness was my heart filled, and how did my soul delight in the fulness of this enjoyment. On these mornings I did not remain idly in bed, but long before the time when Anna came to awake and dress me, I had made my way into the garden, where I saluted the rising sun; and listened with delight to the song of the birds, till my father's voice recalled me to the house and the studies, which nothing but illness was allowed to interrupt.

"In truth, I learned very willingly, and in the winter, books, maps, drawing, and writing made some compensation for the loss of my summer pleasures. Singularly enough my father never thought of having me instructed in any

feminine and household duties. These were undertaken by the housekeeper, and so it came to pass that though I have learned and understand a good many things, I have been unable in later years to acquire a taste for a woman's legitimate occupations, although I feel very deeply how unfeminine it is to be ignorant on these subjects.

"In consequence of my good abilities, my father was able to impart a great deal of knowledge, and among other things the dead languages were not forgotten, upon which, as my father wished it, I bestowed a considerable amount of labor. In my twelfth year I read Homer in the original, and could understand Xenophon's 'Retreat,' whilst I read with delight the works of Corneille, Racine, and Shakspeare over and over again, even out of my hours of study. Then my father was a good artist, and he instructed me in the delightful art of drawing, so that I soon acquired great love for it, and it was the means of rendering many a dull winter's hour cheerful and enjoyable. But of the magic charm of music till my tenth year I had never had an idea, for my father was not musical, and not even a street band ever found its way into the distant corner in which our house was situated; yet I well remember that the beautiful sound of the chimes from St. Peter's tower, which from time to time floated over us, filled my childish heart with quiet transport, and that I left everything to listen to the sounds which had so magical an effect upon my young fancy, the greater because they came down to me through the air from above; and I could not get any idea of how they originated, for what Nicholas told me of these wonderful sounds threw little light upon the subject.

"I had passed about ten years of my life in this narrow circle of happiness and joy, when my ears suddenly caught the sound of even more beautiful tones than those from St. Peter's tower, which reached me quite unexpectedly from a garden which was next to our own. I was busily engaged in tying up some flowers in a bed which my father had given me for my own, when I heard those heavenly sounds. I rose from the ground, on which I had been kneeling by the bed, and let the green flower stem fall from my hand as I listened.

"'Is not that lovely?' asked Nicholas, who was at work in the garden, and had remarked my joyful surprise.

"'Oh, how beautiful it sounds!' I replied. 'And does that, too, come from the tower, Nicholas?'

"'No, Miss Honesta,' answered the good old man; 'that music proceeds from the musical family who have just taken the tumbledown house close by. The father plays every evening at the theatre, and must be a very clever man; but they are sadly poor, I am told.'

"'Then my father must give them some money,' I replied.

"'It is a question whether they would take it,' whispered Nicholas, who had come nearer to me. 'These people were formerly rich,' he continued. 'The father was a merchant, and came to ruin, because he thought more about music than his business; and now he earns a poor subsistence for his family by playing the violin at the theatre. And yet he is as proud as formerly, when he was rich and of consequence—at least so I am told, but I do not know whether it is true.'

"The music began again, and gave me a delight I had never before experienced. I was silent; but when a pause ensued, I entreated Nicholas to procure me a sight of the player, and he goodnaturedly placed a ladder against a pear tree which was near the paling and helped me to climb it.

"From this high position I could look down into the neighboring garden, and saw an elderly man with a violin in his hand, seated near a table, which was placed under a laburnum tree, and at which a handsome boy about twelve years old was writing very diligently.

"I had never seen a child of my own age, nor indeed any human beings but my father, Nicholas, and Anna, and was quite as much surprised at the sight of the boy as I had been enchanted by the sound of the music.

"'You ought to leave off, Anselm,' said the violin-player to the industrious boy, 'you injure your health by such incessant writing and study. There, take the violin and play some lively air; that will be much better.'

"'I must finish this first, father,' answered the boy quietly; 'we shall be examined to-morrow, and whoever brings the best Latin essay will be *Primus*.'

"'Oh! I care little for your being *Primus*, Anselm,' said his father sadly, 'if you injure your health by so much study; but you are so aspiring, you always wish to be the first. I know how it is.'

"The boy was silent; he reddened a little, and continued his work; his father looked uneasy and presently went into the house.

"I remember the feeling of pleasure with which I observed that boy, for I had been accustomed only to the sight of grown-up people. After a while, having finished his work, he looked up with evident pleasure, and when at the same moment he caught sight of me, and said smiling, 'Take care, you will fall,' I could not refrain from entering into conversation with him; and so I asked him whether he could play as beautifully as his father.

"'No, indeed,' he answered, 'I can only play a little, but I much prefer to read and write; I will never be a musician like my father; I will be a scholar.'

"'Will you have the kindness to play something,' I continued, 'I never in my life heard anything so beautiful as your father's playing.'

"'I shall be very glad to give you pleasure,' he replied smiling, 'but tell me what your name is, that I may be able to call you by it.'

"'My name is Honesta.'

"'That is a pretty name, and translated it means honorable.'

"'I know that; I too understand Latin.'

"'Perhaps you understand Greek too?'

"'Yes, my father teaches me Greek.'

"'I wish we could take our lessons together; I have no sister.'

"'Nor I. How charming it would be if you were my brother! But now I want you to play.'

"Anselm took up the violin which his father had left upon the table, and played a pretty little air with great taste, and this contributed to enhance the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"The voice of my father calling me to my lessons, obliged me to bid adieu to my new friend; I descended the ladder and went into the house, where my father was impatiently awaiting me, for he was extremely punctual in everything, and especially requested that the instruction he gave me should always commence to the moment.

"I do not know how it happened that I said nothing to him of the interesting acquaintance I had made; perhaps it was from a secret fear that it would displease him, but yet I was so distrait during the lesson, so often gave wrong answers, that he more than once shook his head and gave me a gentle reproof; he was never severe with me, and I never remember to have heard him utter a harsh word even when I deserved it. He had so estranged himself from mankind

that he did not think it worth while to be angry about anything, and so he only showed his displeasure by a gloomy and sometimes contemptuous silence, which was much more difficult to bear than a severe reproof would have been.

"'You cannot be well, Honesta,' he said at last, after I had tried his patience to the utmost by my confused answers. 'Go into the garden and amuse yourself, my dear child; we will have no more study to-day.'

"Who so happy as I! I kissed my father's hand with delight and ran down into the garden, while he placed himself at his writing-table to work. The ladder was yet standing against the great pear tree. I climbed up and looked into the next garden; but it was quite empty, though from the open window of the cottage I heard the sounds of the violin I so much delighted in, yet I could not but feel that it did not give me quite so much pleasure as when I saw that pleasing boy sitting at the table.

"Nicholas, who was always working busily in the garden, saw all that took place and must have heard my conversation with Anselm, but he made no remark. The good old man, who was much attached to me and who had long felt for my solitary position, deprived as it was of all the usual enjoyments of childhood, probably rejoiced in secret at what had happened, and which seemed likely to promise me an innocent enjoyment.

"While I was still sitting in the tree listening entranced to the music, perhaps also unconsciously to myself, hoping that Anselm might return, my father entered the garden, and was not a little surprised to see me at my high post of observation.

"'What are you doing there, Honesta?' he asked with surprise.

"'Oh, father, I am listening to the violin,' I answered, not without some confusion, as I came down the ladder. 'How beautiful it is!' I continued. 'May I not learn to play the violin?'

"'Not the violin, my dear child,' he answered, 'it is not an instrument for women; the harp or the piano, perhaps.'

"'Then let me learn to play on the harp, or the pianoforte, father,' I said.

"'I will think about it,' was his reply.

"I now thought and dreamed of nothing but music, and by my reiterated entreaties at last prevailed so far with my father, that he gave Nicholas a commission to inquire for a harp for me and also for a teacher. The sly old man smiled when in my presence he received these orders, and in the course of a few days he introduced a music-master, who was no other than our neighbor.

"The lessons began, and I soon made such progress, that I not only earned the praise of the master, who was so devoted to his art, but the approbation of my father, who was evidently gratified by my talent.

"As my father never troubled himself about the way in which I employed my time of recreation, and much of this was passed in the garden, it did not occur to me to tell him of the pleasant acquaintance I had made there; and as Anselm had now planted a ladder against one of the trees in his own garden, we carried on our conversations whilst I remained seated on a bank in my own, almost every day.

"It happened one day that whilst standing at the window my father overheard our voices, and at once calling me into the house, inquired with whom I was talking. I had a kind of guilty feeling, as if I had been doing wrong, and when I told him he seemed displeased, but he said nothing, and did not forbid my intercourse with my young

neighbor. So we continued our pleasant chats till winter put an end to our intercourse.

"But this intercourse, without my suspecting it, had become the first delight of my heart. I seldom or never went into the garden, and only now and then saw Anselm from my window; he always looked up to me and saluted me in a friendly manner. With the return of spring a new and happier life began, and I could see and speak to Anselm without disturbance, for an obstinate fever, which in those days they understood less how to deal with than at present, kept my father a prisoner to his room. We chatted with each other for hours together, told what we had done and learned during the winter, and openly lamented that we were not able to play and wander about with each other in the garden. Anselm also told me that his father, who thought of nothing but music, still wished to make him a musician, but that he was determined to become a learned man, a physician, who would be a blessing to mankind, and that his good mother upheld him in this resolution. He spoke with great warmth and affection of his mother, whom I had sometimes seen in the garden and at the windows, and who had indeed a most charming countenance. Then he asked after mine, and I told him I had none, whilst for the first time in my life I felt with pain the want of her care and love.

Chapter III.

"So remained matters with Anselm and me till I had attained my sixteenth, he his eighteenth year, when he one morning told me that he must go away on the following day to enter a university, the money which would be required for his expenses having been sent him by a generous friend, a distant relation of his mother.

"This unexpected news—for any thought of the possibility of a separation had never entered my inexperienced heart—surprised and shocked me to such a degree that I was unable to utter a single word, and was obliged to lean against a tree to keep myself from sinking to the ground. Anselm saw my alarm and the state of my feelings, and it induced him for the first time to tell me that he loved me, and that, although in entering the university, he appeared to have reached the summit of his wishes, his separation from me was equally painful with mine from him. My heart beat so violently that I could hardly support myself. I was about to faint, when Anselm, forgetting all propriety, leaped the pailing, and flew to a neighboring well for some water. At that moment my father appeared. For the first time he showed his displeasure at my intercourse with Anselm in an unequivocal manner, and desired him to leave the garden, at the same time leading me into the house. He neither spoke to me nor reproached me;—indeed he had no right—but I could read his mind without this.

"Nicholas, who had the best of hearts, and, as I have said before, a great deal of affection for me, had always pitied my position, and had in private often represented to my father the sad way in which he suffered me to pass my youth. No lot, as it seemed to the good man, could be worse than mine, cut off from all the sports suitable to my age, deprived of the tenderness usually bestowed by parents on their children, and living in the midst of a large town as if I had been cast on a desert island. His satisfaction was therefore very great when chance gave me a playfellow in Anselm, and he looked upon it as an interposition of Providence to compensate me for all my other privations. He did not overlook the probability that Anselm and I

might in the end be unable to live without each other. He drew a happy picture of our future life. He had inquired a great deal about Anselm's family, and heard only what was honorable to them; for, though Mr. Scheffer—this was the name of Anselm's father—had lost the whole of his fortune in trade, he retained the reputation of being an upright and honest man, and was looked upon with the greater consideration that he now supported his family by his talent and untiring industry. As to Anselm, he had the character of being a distinguished and hopeful young man. There was nothing with which to reproach him except, perhaps, too great thirst for honor, for he studied and learned day and night in order to be the first in the high class in which he was placed in his school. Nicholas thought with great delight of the time when Anselm and I should be one, and so secretly encouraged our inclination for each other; and he did this the more readily because he knew my father well enough to feel sure, that in the choice of a husband for his daughter, riches would be of no account if he could secure for her the qualities of mind and heart.

"The announcement which I received from his own lips of my approaching separation from Anselm, to whom, without my knowing it, my whole heart had been given, had such an effect upon my health that I was laid upon a sick-bed, and my life was in the greatest danger from a nervous fever. My father never moved from my side, and now for the first time I apprehended how entirely his soul hung upon me, and how necessary I was to his existence, for he had always hitherto carefully concealed the depth of his love for me.

"In my delirious ravings I must have betrayed my secret; but he made no allusion to it afterwards; he only watched me more carefully than before, and in his conversation expressed more strongly the hatred he entertained for mankind. He seemed as if he were endeavoring to instil into my young mind the same contempt for human nature which, to his torment, had so long held possession of his own. The object of the stories which he told me was simply to represent all his fellow-creatures as depraved and corrupt, and to make me believe that every high and noble aspiration was stifled by envy, hatred, falsehood, and avarice, and that the only means to secure yourself from sorrow, pain, persecution, and disappointment was thoroughly to despise the whole human race and carefully to avoid intercourse with it.

"These conversations with my father filled me with sadness. I knew not wherefore, but my mind assumed more and more the coloring my father desired, and the deep solitude, the complete separation from others in which we lived, began to please me—at least it was less painful than before. It is true that I always felt a longing desire to trust in Anselm, and hoped to find him better, nobler, more magnanimous than the rest of the world. But he was far away; I might never see him again; so I was well content to live without other companionship, and had no desire for it.

"So after my recovery from my severe illness I returned to my studies with renewed zeal, and it seemed as if my father's desire that I should find compensation in my unusual acquirements for the loss of my former happiness were about to be satisfied. I applied myself to study with ever increasing pleasure.

"But my peace was troubled by Mr. Scheffer one day giving me a message from his son. I colored, and had so little self-control that I played several false notes. He told

me also of the progress which by his industry and talent he was making at the university. At first I listened to this with pleasure, but soon suspicions arose in my heart. Was not Mr. Scheffer actuated by a secret wish to keep up the communication between me, the rich heiress, and his son, who had nothing? My father's stories seemed to render this very probable, so I received the next message in cold silence, and he brought no more.

"My father was also anxiously desirous to impress on my mind that I was deficient in personal attractions. He used to bring me pictures of the most lovely women, and, comparing myself with them, I could not but have a very poor opinion of my own charms, while the examples of manly beauty which I saw had by no means the same effect upon my remembrance of Anselm.

"A year had passed since Anselm left his parents' house, and six months since I had received any message from him, through his father, when one day, quite unexpectedly, I saw him from my window, in the little garden below. The sight filled me with such emotion that my pulse seemed to stop, and I felt myself grow red and pale alternately. He saw me too, and a glow passed over his face. He seemed as if he were about to stretch out his arms to me, but suddenly he hastened into the house, quickly returned with his violin in his hand, and played upon it the same melody which at our first meeting he had played at my request.

"The effect of these sounds was magical, and at once recalled the whole past to my memory. Tears rose to my eyes, my heart beat violently, I felt both pain and unspeakable delight. I should have run down into the garden had not the remembrance of my father prevented me; but I remained at the window, and could not forbear from exchanging a few words with him. These words my father overheard, and called me into his study for a lesson in Greek. I made many mistakes, and when the lesson was over, 'Honesta,' said my father, 'at your age I think it very unbecoming for you to be conversing with a young man, as I found you before the lesson. I hope you feel this yourself, and will give me no further cause to doubt your sense of propriety.'

"He quitted the room, leaving me in a state of confusion and embarrassment impossible to describe. The most powerful feelings distressed me. Had I indeed only the choice between being disobedient for the first time to a father who had always been so good to me, and speaking no more to Anselm, who was so dear to me, seeing him no more, and this after so long a separation? Both appeared equally difficult; each impossible.

"I did not go into the garden all day,—I did not even go to the window,—that I might not put myself in the way of a temptation to disobey my father; then, after a long and painful struggle with myself, duty at last gained the victory, and I determined to obey my father, cost what it might.

"This determination held good till the evening, but as the sounds of Anselm's violin came wafted to me through the twilight, my eyes filled with tears, and I wept long and sorrowfully, though I could hardly say wherefore.

"The following day passed in a similar manner. I did not go into the garden, but I saw Anselm from the window. Then he ceased to appear, and the sound of the well-known mournful melody was no longer heard from his violin.

"So I ventured again into the garden, and went to Nicholas, who was busy preparing the beds, and did

not see me till I was close to him.

"'Here is the dear young lady,' said the good old man. 'How long it is since you were here! If I am not mistaken, I am not the only person who has regretted your absence. The poor young gentleman was so sad yesterday! And when I went near the paling he asked me, in a troubled voice, "Is your young lady ill?" And when I answered that I did not know, he sighed, and begged me to tell you that he was obliged to go away, and to make his adieu to you. So I have done this, dear lady; but, if I were in your place, I could not have allowed the poor young man to go out into the world without taking leave of him.'

"'Ah, good Nicholas,' I said, coloring, and with a broken voice, 'you do not know that my father has forbidden me to speak to Anselm.'

"'That, indeed, alters the case; but the good master——' He stopped, and left his speech unfinished, in order to show me some hyacinths which were peeping up from the ground and doing honor to his gardening.

"Anselm was now far away, and I felt quite solitary. For three years I heard no tidings of him, for my father had given me another harp-master, under the pretext that he understood the instrument better than Mr. Scheffer, and that I should therefore make more progress under him.

"A deep sadness, for which I could hardly account, now took such possession of me, that even my accustomed pursuits became odious to me. I could sit for hours in my room weeping, and yet, without clearly knowing what caused my tears, till by chance a romance fell into my hands. My careful father had forgotten to remove it, and it was the first I ever read.

"I cannot describe the impression made on me by this book. It represented in glowing colors the unfortunate affection of a noble and charming pair; and what could be more natural than that my excited fancy should clothe the hero of the romance in Anselm's form, the heroine in my own, whilst my active imagination made me place myself in the different positions described by the poet? What I felt and the cause of my sorrow now appeared clear. I, too, loved, and with an unhappy love, for not only was my father opposed to my inclinations, —for of this I could no longer doubt,—but also deficient in personal charms, as I believed myself to be, I could not believe myself worthy of the love of so handsome a person as Anselm undoubtedly was. The miserable conviction took possession of me that, if Anselm had shown any feeling for me, it was only the consequence of his pity for my solitary position and friendless childhood; for I could not believe that he could love a person devoid of personal charms, for in the romance it was only the beautiful who loved each other.

"I took possession of the book, and read it so often that at last I almost knew it by heart; and, oh! how many tears dropped from my eyes onto its pages. How did I rejoice, how did I grieve with the heroine of the story!

"My father observed the change which had lately come over me with disgust and surprise, but he sought in vain to discover its cause.

"I now began to pay great attention to my dress; I carefully arranged the beautiful and abundant hair, which nature had given me, before my mirror, and as I had no other model for my imitation, I chose for this purpose a picture of a very beautiful woman, and after some trials succeeded in arranging my head-dress like hers. Then, in my romance, I had read about ribbons and scarfs with which heroines

were adorned, and so Anna was commissioned to get me ribbons and scarfs, with which I ornamented myself, probably after rather a fantastic manner, for this good creature, who saw rather more of other people than I did, very often found fault, and assured me that no other lady dressed as I did.

"My father let all this go on; he seemed indeed to be pleased that these trifles should give me some distraction from the melancholy into which I had fallen; and my mirror, which I more frequently consulted than before, clearly told me that my appearance had greatly improved under the greater care I bestowed on it.

"I felt a secret pleasure in becoming more and more like the heroine of my romance, and thus rendering myself worthy of Anselm's love.

"According to my present notions, beauty was essential to being loved, and especially by such a young man as Anselm.

"During the night following the day on which I had completed my twentieth year, my father suddenly became so ill that he awakened the house by the sound of his bell.

"We hastened to him in alarm, and found him speechless; he had been struck by palsy.

"Nicholas, who had more presence of mind than the rest, hastened from the house to bring a doctor; and how can I describe my surprise when he returned to the sick-room accompanied by Anselm, who only a few days before, unknown to me, had returned from the university?

"Had I not been so entirely occupied with my father, this occurrence would have produced more emotion, but I only saw that the life of my father was in danger, and had no thought for anything else.

"After a hasty salutation, Anselm proceeded to attend to the patient; he bled him, and ordered some medicines from the apothecary, which Nicholas went for, and at the expiration of a few hours the threatened storm seemed to be passing away, for the patient had sunk into a gentle sleep and had evidently returned to consciousness.

"I sat in the ante-room, with my head on my hand, and my heart filled with painful feelings, when Anselm came softly to me, and in his accustomed gentle voice, said:

"'Do not be alarmed, lady; I hope there will be no return of the attack, and that all will go well.'

"I could not reply—grief choked my voice—but I involuntarily gave him my hand, which he pressed in a reverent manner to his lips; then he returned as gently as possible to the sick man, and remained for a long time by the bedside watching his slumber.

"After a time I followed him, and we both sat in silence by my father's couch for more than an hour.

"At last he awoke from his slumber; he first looked at me with an expression of tender compassion on his face; then at Anselm with surprise; he would have spoken, but was too weak to do so.

"Anselm now took leave, after having ordered some further medicine, which appeared to benefit the patient, for he soon after fell asleep; while I sat near his bed, a prey to the bitterest feelings."

(To be continued.)

CONFERENCES ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.

The Genesis informs us that the life of man which was very long before the flood, was afterwards shortened and reduced to a very limited extent. Every one knows that ordinary and constant effects are produced by ordinary and constant causes. Accordingly there has been an alteration in the order of nature, and the aspect of the sun, the spring of our life, is no longer the same in regard to man. Moses mentions the alternations of seasons and the variations of sunshine only in consequence of the deluge. In all this the sacred historian sustains his veracity and credit in the uniform exhibition of monumental testimonies, and by the statement of notorious and undeniable facts. He perfectly agrees with profane antiquity, which speaks of the long life of the first inhabitants of the earth, and of its being reduced to a short duration after the deluge by the introduction of meteors, and the difference of seasons. When the ancients speak of the flood, they never fail to show us in their fables a bark serving as a refuge to man and woman, who re-people the world. The name given to the man is very remarkable; he is called Deucalion, a word which, being expressive of the cause of human weakening, is an unmistakable authentic monument of that fatality. In the Eastern language, "*deucalion*" means "weakening of the sun;" now the sun, always unchanged in itself, is weakened in our regard, by the difference of its aspects towards the earth, which no longer presents from day to day the same points of its surface to the luminous rays.

The efficient causes of the deluge, according to the expression of Moses, were the breaking of the dykes of the great abyss, and the opening of the cataracts of the heavens. The pouring down of a water that was invisible before and buoyed up or attenuated in the atmosphere, is an experimental phenomenon, the measure and quantity of which is proportioned to the violence of the wind that moves it. On the other hand the universal breaking up of the barriers which first restrained the ocean, is a universal effect, the vestiges of which are extant before our eyes. Modern observations more and more notice the enlargement of the atmosphere. Some naturalists have made a peculiar study of that spindle of luminous matter which has been discovered round the sun, the extremity of which, meeting our atmosphere, and sinking into it, may by such an immersion become the cause of that illumination which about the beginning of the night appears towards the north. A distance is supposed of three hundred leagues from the earth to the upper strata of the atmosphere. Some naturalists confound it with the great cover of liquid matter of which the earth fills the centre, and which is more or less pressed or even obliged to recede under pressure of similar covers wherein the moon and other planets are suspended. The ebbing and flowing of the sea may be attributed to these unequal pressures and recoils, the water of the globe continuing to move one way, whilst the mass of the earth begins to change its place in another way; just as the water that follows the motion of a bowl carried by the stream from one place to another, goes on its way, and runs over the bowl as

soon as this goes back or swerves from its first direction. The azure we see in the immense extent of the heavens, is, like any other color, nothing more than a reflected light, which betrays there the presence of a fluid transparent enough to admit the light that comes from the sun, and substantial enough to reverberate that which is beaten back from the surface of the earth. These are facts that leave no room to doubt of the immense quantity of the waters which extend to the upper strata of this vast machine, and condense into rain in proportion to the shock it receives. An etesian or annual wind blowing five or six weeks together from north to south upon Africa is sufficient to condense the lower strata of the atmosphere so as to cover with mists and then flood with rain all Abyssinia and Nigritia; and then we behold the overflowings of the Nile and the Niger. The sources of these rivers are anxiously looked for, and very clever men for ages have been surprised that they cannot find them. If explorers go up higher towards the countries where the rivers begin to run, they see both in winter and spring only a few small streams of water, and some lakes or ponds out of which they come, but which often remain dry, and thus cause the current which they should supply to disappear. The true sources of these two rivers are in the heavens, as is the case with all the other currents of water. It is the rain that begins them; it is the same rain, placed in reservoirs underground or in lakes, that supplies them; and it is the wind that brings more or less rain along with it by the concussion of the atmosphere, as well as by the duration of its direction.

Personal experience supplied us with information on this subject, during our residence in India, when our opportunities for observation occurred from the Coromandel to the Malabar coast. Naturalists have been occasionally puzzled when trying to guess the cause of the rains (monsoons) that fall on the western coast of the peninsula of India, whilst the eastern coast adjoining the other at Cape Comorin enjoys a most perfect serenity of air, or suffers the most intense heat. Their amazement increased when they saw the rain falling on the Coromandel coast, without reaching the western shore very little distant. The whole depends on the direction of the wind, and the resistance it meets. The wind is resisted by the Ghauts, which are a ridge of mountains, as high as the Alleghanies, that separate the western part of India called Malabar from the eastern called Coromandel, inclining a little nearer the western than the eastern coast, and reaching ten, fifteen, and twenty leagues inland. From the month of May to October, a southwesterly wind blows upon India, that bears against the lower portion of the atmosphere towards the Ghauts, where the strata of air are stopped and consequently condensed. Hence the abundant rains of the Malabar coast, whilst all is scorched on that of Coromandel. About the 15th of October the wind shifts and blows northeast, and beats against the mountains that condense the air, so that throughout November and December Coromandel is overflowed, whilst the coast of Malabar enjoys the most serene weather. In Madras, judged to be the hottest place on the earth, we had no mention of the four seasons of other climates, we spoke only of the monsoon and land wind, corresponding with winter and summer of other regions. The water falls in greater abundance on the Malabar than on the Coromandel shore, because the direction of the southwest is more constant, and the wind, passing over a great sea, carries along a great deal of vapor; whereas

the northeast wind passing over Tartary, China, Thibet, and the Mogul Empire, finds a lesser quantity of mist, and becomes rainy, only through the condensation of the air driven in one and the same line and always massed against the Ghauts.

We present these few instances in connection with the monumental value of the Mosaic history, because they sufficiently show what the mere concussion of the atmosphere may produce. Nothing so dry as the east and north winds; yet by the simple duration of their drift barred by an obstacle they will overflow the Coromandel coast, and the centre of Africa. They find water in the purest air, and the superior vapors that were invisible, are changed into torrents of rain, according to the force of the current which accumulates there. What may happen, if a violent shock should drive in the same direction all the waters that are attenuated in the spacious sphere whereof the earth is the centre? There would be no need of creating new waters to drown the little globe suspended within it; the impulsion of God's hand suffices to make the instruments it finds in nature serve His purposes.

The same jolt that condensed and sent down the waters from above caused a general tumbling of the earth that must have changed its exterior. The Scripture says: "*The reservoir of the great abyss was broken*," so this barrier being removed, the ocean flowed out of its bed. Since that time it was fixed in a hollow where it is seen at present, whilst the ancient bed is turned into the grounds we now inhabit. The marine substances which are so generally found in the recesses, and sometimes at the top of hills, have not been carried thither by the deluge, nor *accidentally dropped by pilgrims*, as Voltaire in his stupid jesting remarked, but they remained fixed in their original situation, because those high grounds which we now call mountains, were at that time only the unevenesses of the primitive hollow of the sea, and are now simply the remains of the grounds that have been sunk by the universal convulsion. The marine bodies that are found mixed with petrified matter and such like, have, like metals and all fossils, been more or less dispersed in the chinks of the several strata of earth which we find sometimes parallel to the horizon, sometimes inclined, most commonly dislocated and overturned. The whole face of nature then tallies with the narrative of Moses, as we find both in the superior waters which he alone durst indicate, and in the vestiges of the old ocean, which he says, went out of its first abode by the dislocation of its barriers.

MISS PRESTON'S VENTURE

CLAVERTON was not a marrying place; that was very certain. Admitting a decided preponderance of ladies in that part, it was hard to find a reason why the very few young men there resident should invariably go elsewhere for a wife rather than choose from the large assortment available at their very doors. But the fact was indisputable.

Not only were there a score or two of marriageable girls, a large number springing up ready to take their places, to say nothing of a formidable background of female babies —there were also many spinsters of forty years and upwards, who, remembering that while life lasts there is hope, were not wholly in despair.

So there was some point in that spiteful riddle asked by Frank Fairfax at a small party where he was the principal attraction—that riddle which compared Claverton to heaven, on account of their being "neither marrying nor giving in marriage" in either place.

It was very shameful of him, though, when so many bright eyes glanced smilingly at him. Amy Weston felt deeply hurt; for Frank's politeness to herself was beginning to be the subject of remark; and it was supposed that for once, perhaps, there might be an exception to the rule, and two young people in Claverton be mated.

Three days after that party it was generally known that Frank Fairfax was just engaged to a certain young lady, and the marriage would take place very soon.

Thus it always happened; and the Claverton girls could only try and be resigned to their fate with the best grace possible.

Many of the best families went away from the neighborhood on this account, though grieved at the deficiency of the masculine element, and still more hurt by the want of proper feeling in the few sons which Providence had assigned to Claverton people.

Mrs. McGeorge, a widow with five grown-up daughters, tried to live there, but gave up in despair, at the end of twelve months, removing to a more lively place "for the sake of the dear girls;" and the Suttons, and Besleys, and Parkers —all having girls—had departed without assigning any positive reason for so doing.

"Yes; Claverton was a pretty place—healthy, too, and quiet—almost *too* quiet."

So Mrs. Besley had said when questioned on the subject. She had no special dislike to the place, but it had its drawbacks, she added with a sigh and an anxious glance towards her two very pretty daughters.

New families came, of course, but either were childless or sonless. It positively became serious, and, as far as matrimony was concerned, the well-known warning, "*Lasciate agni speranza, voi ch' entrate*," might have been affixed to a signpost at the entrance of the village.

Our little sketch has not, however, to do with any of these fair disappointed maidens, but with one of the spinsters before alluded to, Miss Penelope Preston by name. By her own admission she was forty-two; by the testimony of intimate friends, she had been the

same age for the eight years of her residence in Claverton, thus proving herself an exception to the general rule, that Time stands still with none of us.

In person, Miss Preston was tall and angular; but a close observer might detect the remains of what had once been beauty in her well-cut features and still brilliant eyes. Poor Penelope! She never wearied of telling anecdotes of her young days, when, according to her account, lovers had been plentiful as dandelions, when offers had poured in on her in rapid succession; only by ill chance, as it happened, she had given her love to Pierce Everard, and he seemed wholly indifferent to it. But as years rolled on, and Penelope passed from a girl into a woman and still remained single, Pierce began to find out her attractions; and at length, when she was eight-and-twenty years of age, he learned to love her as much as she could have desired.

For three brief months Penelope was in an ecstasy of happiness. "It was too bright to last." So she thought sometimes, her very joy making her tremble. The cloud came from a quarter where she least expected it, as it always does. Her strong handsome Pierce was struck down by sudden illness—a mere cold turning to fever—and in one week he was dead.

Penelope was summoned to his side by his mother and sisters. After a month's stay with them, she returned home dressed in deepest mourning, fit type of her inward desolation.

This was the tale she told to her most intimate friends, and it made them very lenient in judging of her oddities and peculiarities. Those who only knew her by sight would have found it hard to connect so romantic a tale with the very practical, blunt-speaking, old-maidish Miss Preston.

She had a small independency, which enabled her to live in tolerable comfort. She and an elderly servant, who had been in the family for years, and in whose eyes "Miss Penelope" was still a young and handsome girl, resided in a neat little house on Claverton Green, where one would have supposed she could have settled down contented with her state and condition. Truth compels me to say that it was not so.

Some of the girls who knew Miss Preston's history looked at it in its most sentimental light. According to the theory of modern novels, the very least she could have done after her lover's death was to go into rapid decline, and be laid in her grave within a twelvemonth; failing in this duty, she should have lapsed into an interesting state of melancholy, going through life as if all its interests were over for her, and her heart buried with the departed Pierce.

Strange to say, Miss Preston was one of the most fidgety restless old maids that ever trod this earth. She had not a spark of romance left in her—time had rubbed it out, I suppose. She spoke of Pierce sometimes, as I have said, to old friends, who would occasionally detect a slight tremble in her voice or moisture in her eye. Next minute she would talk of her early choice as a mistake, and lament the many "good chances" she had lost in girlhood.

Miss Preston made no secret of her opinion, that one must either be married or be no one. She inculcated this false principle in the minds of all young people with whom she came in contact, advising them to be warned by her own sad experience, and to take the first available chance of matrimony, provided always it would secure a suitable position in life. As for love Miss Preston had outlived any strong belief in it. She was of

opinion that, in so far as it was absolutely indispensable, a certain quantity could always be found to meet the demand. Anything more than this was rather a weight and drawback to its possessor.

Fortunately, there were those amongst the young ladies who visited Miss Preston whose taste revolted from this debasing view of a state which is ordained holy by God and His Church. Many more, though, poured into her ear all their hopes and fears matrimonial, and were incited by her to an anxiety and effort to secure husbands which most probably was the very cause of continuous failure.

This was the state of things in Claverton when Mr. Elmslie came to live there—at the large house on the green, where the avenue of horse-chestnut trees was so fine as to give the place its title. He was a widower, with a son and daughter grown up—a most valuable acquisition to Claverton. Here was a fine-looking wealthy man of sixty years for one of the elder ladies, and young Guy Elmslie as a target for the colony of expectant girls. No wonder that the inmates of Avenue House were first inundated with cards and callers, next by invitations to dinner-parties and evening-parties.

The daughter, Fanny Elmslie, was a pretty quiet girl, who seemed wholly indifferent to Claverton civilities. Her own marriage was to take place very speedily with a gentleman old enough to be her father, and all her time and thoughts were given to the selection of a very elaborate *trousseau*. This of itself made Miss Elmslie a very interesting subject to Claverton. Then, too, through her all intimacy with father and brother must first be obtained. Time was short, too; for it was March when they came to Avenue House, and in June Fanny was to be married. So old maids and young, considerate mammas and eager daughters, vied in attentions to the young lady, which grew warmer, probably, by reason of the entire indifference with which they were received.

Mr. Elmslie was cordial enough, and accepted invitations from all quarters. He seemed a pleasant sociable man, and it was decided that, after his daughter's departure, he would certainly take unto himself a wife. He could not live in that great place alone; and of course Guy would be making a home for himself soon, like all well-disposed well-provided-for young men of seven-and-twenty ought to do.

Miss Preston was decidedly attracted by Mr. Elmslie. She confided to her dear friend Miss Roberts that there was something in his appearance that reminded her of her departed lover; and she even hinted, in a delicate manner, her intention of accepting him, should he propose.

Miss Preston had a young relative visiting her just then, Carrie Marshall by name, a lively girl of eighteen; and as Mr. Elmslie began to make frequent calls at the little house on the green, and to be very attentive to its mistress, it was perhaps better, so Penelope reflected, to get Carrie's leave of absence from home extended, so as to cast a shade of propriety on the affair, and relieve any embarrassment she might have felt in entertaining her visitor alone.

The Claverton people began to grow quite envious of Miss Preston, especially when Fanny Elmslie, by her father's desire, threw off a little of her reserve, and made a companion of Carrie. Indeed, it was soon known that she was elected to the post of chief bridesmaid upon the occasion of Miss Elmslie's approaching marriage. As for Miss Preston, she gained in dignity each day. Of course Mr. Elmslie's intentions were clear enough—feel-

ing he would soon be left alone, he, poor man, was anxious to select a companion to cheer the remaining years of his life. A sensible person like him would naturally choose some mature lady as the partner of his home. *He* was not one of those foolish men, who, forgetting their years, marry a young and giddy girl.

Miss Preston's *gaucherie* gave place to an ease of deportment almost arriving at elegance in contemplation of herself as the future lady of Avenue House.

Spring slipped into summer, and when roses were budding and blooming, Fanny Elmslie stood before the altar of the parish church, and vowed to "love, honor, and obey" Mr. Keith, whose silvery hair and aged appearance would not have appeared likely to attract the heart of a girl not three-and-twenty. However, it was an "excellent match." So said the matrons of Claverton, who agreed that Fanny Elmslie had chosen like a sensible girl, who was worthy from henceforth to be held up as a model to their own daughters.

Carrie Marshall was charming in her bridesmaid's dress of white and green; and Mr. Elmslie looked at her with so kindly a glance, that all beholders decided he would like her for his son's wife.

"No doubt he would marry the aunt, and Guy the niece. Miss Preston had played her cards cleverly, very cleverly indeed!" And the ladies smiled sarcastically at each other.

Poor Miss Preston! Her best friends began to look coldly on her. The girls who once had flocked to her house, and "dropped in" to tea and muffins in her little parlor, never went near her now. Even her great crony Julia Roberts, who was too old and ugly to be a rival, spoke coldly and disapprovingly, often uttering little spiteful remarks, that would have wounded her friend sorely, had she not been too self-elated to heed anything that was said or done.

Mr. Elmslie's visits became still more frequent at the little house after his daughter's marriage. He missed her terribly, he said: "a house was miserable without the presence of a mistress." Whereupon Miss Preston would blush and simper in a style that had been deemed irresistible thirty years before. Guy Elmslie often accompanied his father, often came by himself. He was very fond of Miss Preston, so he avowed laughingly, and would declare himself ready "to cut out the governor." This was at Claverton parties, where the young ladies would rally him upon his intimacy with "that old maid."

Thus things went on during the summer, and still Carrie Marshall's visit was prolonged. They wanted her sadly at her home, but Miss Preston pleaded her solitude as an excuse; and so an extension of leave had been granted from time to time. But Carrie was not quite what she had been; a trifle less blooming, far less merry, disposed to stay quietly upstairs by herself; and once her aunt had discovered her in tears, for which she could give no reason but a "headache." Poor Carrie's headaches grew very frequent at this time, and Miss Preston was puzzled. Of course the dear child was in love with Guy; and he, thoughtless fellow, was too happy in the enjoyment of her society to think of the effect this silence as to his future hopes must have upon her. He must be made to "declare his intentions" in some way—*that* Miss Preston felt confident of. Young men were always shy when it came to the decisive point. It was proper and natural that, impressed with their own unworthiness, they should have a horror of refusal. He must have a little gentle assistance—

that was certain; but the precise means and methods to employ was more difficult of decision.

At last Miss Preston conceived a plan. She would make a bold venture, speak to Mr. Elmslie, senior, about the young people, and her desire to see so desirable a union brought about. It was a delicate matter certainly; fond as Mr. Elmslie was of Carrie, she was a girl of no fortune and no particular family, and sometimes rich fathers had high views for only sons. Still Miss Preston's duty was plain, and she was not the woman to shrink from duty. So she told herself as she stood before her glass arranging her best cap, preparatory to going down to see Mr. Elmslie on the occasion of his next visit.

She felt a little nervous and fluttered, as she stood for a moment in the hall before entering the tiny drawing-room where her visitor awaited her; it was rather a bold venture of hers, for talking of love was dangerous work. What more natural than that, speaking of the son's affections, should draw from the father a statement of his own?

Ah, a good deal might occur in the next hour, was Miss Preston's silent reflection during that momentary pause—events that might tincture her whole future. Then, strong in the confidence of her good intentions, and the irreproachable bloom of her lilac cap-ribbons, she walked in to see Mr. Elmslie, who greeted her with his wonted cordiality.

After the customary chat about the weather, the chances of the harvest, &c., &c., Mr. Elmslie inquired for Carrie, and certainly was unfeignedly distressed when Miss Preston stated her anxieties on the score of her niece's health; indeed, he seemed so unwilling to leave the subject, that she found her task far easier than she had supposed, and in a few moments she had fully disclosed her suspicions as to the state of Carrie's affections. Warming with her subject, she did not at first observe Mr. Elmslie's discomfiture, but went on talking—had even lapsed into sentimental reference to her own early life before she discovered this peculiarity of manner in her visitor.

The confusion was all on his part instead of Miss Preston's; he stammered and colored, began and paused again, before he finally nerved himself to speak of his desire to make a second trial of married life. In a few well-chosen words he spoke of his first wife, of his long years alone, of his now desolate home, and his need of some one to cheer his life. Guy, too, would be marrying, he said, and then he should be desolate indeed.

Miss Preston sat blushing most becomingly; more than once she had been ready to exclaim, "Say no more; I will be yours!" But fortunately she was preserved from the indiscretion for lack of a suitable moment at which to check his speech, which was becoming more rapid and fervent now the first difficulty was over-got. Judge of her horror when the climax was reached, and Mr. Elmslie, in words of unmistakable clearness, made a formal declaration of his love—love of *Carrie Marshall!* But for Miss Preston's practical turn of mind, she must certainly have fainted; as it was, her thoughts were too full of thankfulness for having been preserved from offering herself before she was asked, to dwell very much upon her disappointed hopes; *that* was to come after, when, in bitterness of spirit and in solitude, she groaned over the baseness of mankind.

Fearful as was the shock, she managed to get herself out of the room on the plea of fetching Carrie; and then, finding that young lady

in tears, which changed to smiles and blushes when she heard who was below and what his mission was, Miss Preston saw that she had been all in the dark, and her boasted experience in such matters had failed her for once.

She was a worthy old soul, though; for, when the first vexed surprise was over, when she heard that Guy had long been engaged and had never had a thought of Carrie, she tried to be magnanimous, and rejoice that her niece should have found so good a settlement in life. As for Mr. Elmslie, she "had given him credit for more sense; he, a man near sixty, to fall in love with a girl of eighteen!" But that was the worst thing she said of him.

It was somewhat hard to bear the smiling sarcasm of Claverton folks when they congratulated her on the approaching marriage. However, there was a bright side even to this; for her old popularity began to return so soon as it was known her niece and not herself was Mr. Elmslie's choice. As for Carrie, "poor foolish girl, they pitied her. What would not people do for money nowadays?" Yet Carrie, strange as it may seem, appeared brilliantly happy, and deeply in love with her elderly husband-elect.

Very soon there was a grand wedding; and Mr. and Mrs. Keith were there, and a host of great people; Guy, too, with his pretty cousin; he, as full of his jokes as ever, declaring he was almost inclined to break off with Eva and strike up to Miss Preston.

And she *did* look wonderfully well too, although her regret at losing Carrie, and natural agitation resulting from all the circumstances of the affair, made her a little peculiar and nervous. Those near her declared that she had her prayer-book open at the order for burial, and read occasional responses from that office owing to her preoccupied state of mind; but this is probably a slander. After that day Miss Preston forever relinquished all matrimonial projects for herself or for others, and settled down peacefully in her little home, which was often enlivened by the visits of Mr. and Mrs. Elmslie.

They would have had her live at Avenue House entirely; but she likes her own little nest, and enjoys her sociable tea-parties, at which sometimes she will relate her early romance, and hint in vague terms at more recent affairs of the heart; but to no one but her friend Julia Roberts did she ever relate in detail the circumstances here narrated of her venture and subsequent disappointment.

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repelled.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man! A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart
Of envy, rancor, or impure desire.

VESPER HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF SAINT AUGUSTINE, AUGUST 28TH, 1873.

(Original Translation from the Augustinian Office.)

Magne Pater Augustine.

GREAT Augustine, mighty Father,
Hear the prayers we raise to thee,
Us unto our Lord Creator
Linking by their unity;
Ruling too thy flock among,
Pride of all the mitred throng.

Thou of poverty the lover,
All the poor thy praise proclaim;
Thou of truth the bold asserter,
All who know it love thy name;
Since its sweetness dost dispense
From the Scriptures excellence.

All the lessons therein hidden
By thy eloquence made plain;
Breaking the rich bread of doctrine
Which the Saviour's words contain;
Proffering life's heavenly balms
From the nectar of the psalms.

For the blessed life monastic
Thou didst write the sacred rule,
Whereby all its fond disciples
Here their souls for heaven school;
And following where thou hast led,
Their royal pathway homeward tread.

To the King of kings salvation,
Life and glorious power be;
Sempiternal praise and honor
To the endless Trinity,
Who makes our names to shine enrolled
Among the saints in glory scrolled.

WOMEN AND THEIR DRESS

Some very motherly people have photographs taken of their children year by year, that they may have memorials of the various changes which annually take place. It would not be amiss if, by some similar means, the changes of fashion could be perpetuated.

A volume has lately come into our hands, in which the fashions of ladies' dresses some fifty years ago and more are depicted. It is quite amusing to see them. To our eyes they have rather a grotesque appearance; but not so grotesque as they would have seemed two or three years ago.

We can imagine it to be a very perplexing thing to know how to keep pace with the changes which each year, and, we might almost say, every season of the year bring in. At one time the dresses are as full as they are scanty at another. The changes are propitious to dressmakers and milliners, but not to any one else, excepting so far as one fashion happens to be more becoming than another.

It is asserted that as everything, even modesty itself, is to be sacrificed to dress, and that as the sole object in life is the set and fashion of a gown, art has other inventions to supply other defects. It seems incredible; but we again repeat that there is no humiliation to which some people will not submit that they may be of that exclusive number who call themselves the "fashionable world."

Not long since it was the fashion to dye the hair red and gold, and make the skin white with paint, the cheeks pink with rouge, and the eyelids stained; but now this capricious goddess, whom fine ladies worship with such devotion, prefers dark hair and olive complexions, and the rage is now for brown washes as it used to be for white. The blue-black hair and dark skin of the gypsy are the envy of ladies of fashion, and they hope, by means of washes and dyes, to make themselves "beautiful forever."

These freaks of fancy make us burn with shame for our countrywomen. They are suggestive of all that is coarse and sensual, and of those enticements and tricks which ought to be unknown amongst ladies. A predilection for these false lights on the part of ladies of fashion, and their submissive subservience to their dressmakers, has introduced a habit of low dressing which ought to be protested against by all who have wives and children.

Modesty is the greatest ornament a woman can have, and the demoralizing effect of the present style of dress is that it destroys that modesty. We have heard it said by some women, in excuse for themselves, that they dress in this objectionable manner in order to please their husbands. It sounds incredible; and if it be so, we can only say that husbands richly deserve whatever retribution may be in store for them if they are so ready to expose the persons of their wives to the public gaze.

If we were called upon to say what is the distinctive characteristic of the age in which we live, we should be inclined to designate it as an age of shams. Unreality creeps into everything.

The consequence is that woman has become an imposture and men have learned to fear that what they most admire may be but a successful art. Old women have long since done all in their power to repair the

ravages of time. Wigs and fronts, teeth, paint and rouge, have always been made use of by those who know not how to grow old. But they have not been able to deceive the world, which takes them at their real value, and can see behind the screen of unrealities to which they have fled for refuge from the print of years. We cannot resist quoting a passage from a well-known writer on this subject, in which she has described the appearance of an old woman who is not ashamed of, and has no wish to hide her age. "See the plaited border, or the full ruche of the cap, white as snow, circling close round the face, as if jealous to preserve the oval that age has lost; the hair peeping from beneath, finer and more silken than ever, but white as that border, or gray as the shadow thrown by it; the complexion withered and faded, yet, being relieved, as nature has appointed it to be, by the still more faded tints of the hair, in a certain degree delicate and fresh; the eyes with most of their former fire extinguished, still surrounded only with the chastened hues of age, brighter than anything else in the face; the face itself, lined with deep wrinkles, but not one that the painter would spare: the full handkerchief, or rich bustling laces scrupulously covering neck and throat, reminding us that the modesty of her youth has survived, though not its charms; some deep sober shawl or scarf, which the French rightly call *le drapeau de vieille femme*, carefully concealing the outline of the figure, though not its general feminine proportions,—all brilliant contrasts, as all violent passions, banished fron the picture, and replaced by a harmony which is worth them all."

The same writer, who has so admirably depicted an old woman whom every one must venerate and love, goes on to speak of the moral influence that such a one must have over the society in which she lives. Having gone through all the "progressive periods of life," having passed through its sunshine and its shade, she "now casts them all aside," and asserts her claim to our respect in the simple fact of her age. She knows that "to all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, her silver locks are more precious than the most golden tresses money could purchase,—her pale cheek more interesting than the finest bloom art could simulate,—her modest coverings more attractive than the most wonderfully preserved remains of beauty she could exhibit,—her whole venerable aspect of age more lovely than the very best imitation of youth she could possibly get up; who not only makes old age respectable and honorable, but even enviable, in the eyes of those who are still toiling in the heat and burden of the day." In quoting this passage, almost at length, we render, *en passant*, the best tribute we could pay to the right feeling and eloquent description of one who has written so truthfully and well on the art of dress. We wish, with all our hearts, that her words would sink deep into the minds of the young and old of our time. The old would teach a lesson to the young which they have great need to learn, and the young would know that the unspeakable charm of the picture which has been so admirably drawn lies in the fact that not even in the palmiest days of her youth and admiration did this old lady ever lay aside or even lightly tamper with that modesty and refinement which are in every sense the crowning graces of womanhood.

How different must be the influence of that meretricious style of dress of which the distinctive feature is unreality and imposture, and its chief merit successful simulation! How truly it is said that it has a demoralizing effect! How

can it be otherwise when women consent to indignities and to a system of imposture that they may, as they are assured and hope will be the case, make themselves more captivating? No one disfigures herself for the purpose of disfiguration. No one adopts a costume because it is ugly and may take away from her charms. However unbecoming a fashion may be, it is adopted not with any idea that it is so, but under the impression that it is quite the reverse. Dyes and cosmetics are used to heighten beauty or to conceal defects; and for the same purpose these novel contrivances have been brought into fashion.

It is intelligible that elderly women, who are conscious of the ravages of time, who know that they are no longer young, and that the bloom of youth has left their cheeks, upon which the lapse of years has stamped its indelible traces, should do all in their power to simulate that which they have outlived, especially when they consider what are called "the claims of society" to be of paramount importance, and care only for the world and its charms, and live only for society. But it is incredible that the young, who have sustained no loss, who have no ground of complaint against the cruel iron grasp of time, should have recourse to expedients which are utterly inconsistent with their early years. The roundness of form, the graceful curves, the soft tints which belong to youth are theirs in all their fulness. They have no need to use false lights, because they have no defects to conceal. Why, then, should they adopt a fashion which, however much it may assist their elders, cannot be of any service to them?

We remember an instance of a young lady of considerable personal attractions, whose only fault had been a certain pallor, which, after all, though peculiar, was not actually unbecoming, but which had recently disappeared. She asked a friend upon whom she was calling to lend her a veil, which, when she returned it, was all covered with rouge and paint. It had been noticed that she had of late a beautiful bloom upon her cheeks, which had taken the place of her former pallor, and it was hoped by those who were kindly disposed towards her, that the change was owing to renovated health rather than to art; but it turned out she was a mass of paint and rouge. Eyebrows and eyelids were darkened; paint and rouge were liberally used; and she had become nothing better than a painted doll. Her skin and complexion soon resented this treatment, and became so injured by the constant use of cosmetics, that it was no longer a matter of option, but became a necessity to her to use fictitious and meretricious arts. Her fixed brilliant coloring, dark eyebrows, and glittering eyes became actually repulsive.

When a young girl "comes out" into society, the utmost care and consideration are paid to her appearance, avowedly for a particular object—that she may attract young men.

In order to accomplish this,—to insure admiration, which the chaperons designate "her success,"—no tricks are considered to be out of place.

In short, the one idea is to make the most of a young girl's "points," and to hide her defects. She is introduced into society very much as horses are taken to fairs for sale. Her "points," her "paces," are carefully studied beforehand, and the chaperon takes the place and performs the part of the salesman. Her daughter's establishment in the world is the one all-absorbing idea, and men are valued according to their rent-roll. As dress is the

means by which favorable impressions are first made, it plays a very prominent part in the game, and all the tricks and enticements of which dress is capable are adopted without any hesitation. We do not, of course, refer to those perfectly innocent embellishments which relate to the preference of one dress for another, or for one style for another. These are most legitimate and innocent. We refer to those impostures in dress by which things seem to be which are not, and the adoption of which is in itself a great indignity to the whole race of womankind. No one is bound to dress herself unbecomingly; but, on the contrary, is more than justified in making the best use of nature's gifts. Our protest is against the introduction of novelties by which women are taught to impose upon the world, which cannot fail to have a demoralizing influence over them, and which desecrate that modesty which is the best jewel a woman can wear.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Out of Sweet Solitude. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

Long, patiently, and hopefully have we waited for old St. Joseph's gifted daughter, Philadelphia's—shall we not say America's?—fair Laureata to come forth from her sweet solitude and gladden us, not with her sweet stray notes, but with the full gush of her glorious song. Why fear "the iron verdict of the world" that has hitherto greeted her wandering cadences with only its most encouraging smiles? In her charming preface, itself a prose-poem almost as fine as anything in her book, she seems to intimate the fear that the volume will not meet with pecuniary success; no mean consideration when we reflect on the expense attending the publication of any book, much less so rich a one as this; nevertheless we cannot help thinking the insinuation ungenerous, doubly so, when it is carried to the length of supposing that if even people do buy, they will afterwards cast aside the casket of literary gems, leaving it in elegant neglect, to receive as its only tribute the library dust, with which each succeeding year will seek to sacrifice it upon the shrine of oblivion. True it is that there has existed a prejudice against female poets, with one or two illustrious exceptions, their names being inseparably connected in the public mind with stiff-starched ruffs, corkscrew ringlets, and snappish poodle-dogs, whose senseless barkings were constantly commingled with as senseless strains from their mistresses. But the days for all such trash have gone by. The taste and judgment of the public are in the main correct, and even the female mind, cultivated by sound instructions and the practiced reading of standard authors, has learned to justly despise the simperings of select academies for young misses, in which "French is exclusively the language of the house." Hence when a true artist like Miss Donnelly comes before the public, she should present herself with the dignified fearlessness, that *mens conscia recti* of an honest worth, which will in the end inevitably achieve success.

The publication under notice consists of three parts; the first is a selection of sacred legends, the second of war poems, the third is made up of miscellaneous pieces.

It is in the first of these that Miss Donnelly is most at home; it is here that she is pre-eminently the artist. All the poems in this section are masterpieces. They are eight in number. The first is the well-known *Vision of the Monk Gabriel*, in which Miss Donnelly has had to contend with Mr. Longfellow for the

palm, and certainly won it at least *ex æquo*. We will quote but one passage.

"A bearded man, with grave but gentle look,
His silence sweet with sounds
With which the simple-hearted spring abounds:
Lowing of cattle from the Abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect and the building rook
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took.
Deep in his cell
Sat the monk Gabriel."

If there be anything superior to this in any of the writings of the so-called *poets of nature*, we should be heartily glad to see it

The Legend of the Robes is but one more sweet story of that prolific subject of legendary song, St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The personal description here is so beautiful that we almost see Thuringia's fair duchess sitting in her celestial beauty before us, flushed with the expectant joy of her husband's coming as

"A step pulsed through the hall, a manly step,
And in the doorway framed (a picture fair),
Duke Louis stood."

Or as

"Circled with veiled maidens, down she went,
Transfigured with the passion of her prayer,
Her soft slow step is herald to her coming,
And silence chains the lords who grace the feast."

This is the only poem of the volume in which the authoress displays her power as a writer of blank verse.

How charming, in *The Bronze Berenice*, is the passage wherein the supposed traveller asks why the longest flowers that grow around the statue are always pulled, since they are not the most beautiful, and on repeating the question, to the first unsatisfactory answer, is told,

"Because, Because" (and like to birds
Whose aimless speech hath but one groove of words),
"*Because they touch her garment's holy hem.*"

This passage is perfectly exquisite in the portrayal of the childlike simplicity with which the continued virtue of the great miracle of Berenice's cure is unconsciously told.

The Borgia's Vow is a splendid pageant-like poem, rolling along, replete with the solemn majesty of the mournful procession it so graphically describes; and horrible in its terribly realistic description of the dead queen, in admirable contrast with the more pleasing portions of this historical song picture.

The Golden Psalm is a version of a religious theme which has proved quite a favorite with the poets. The Catholic Record for July contained one of these by Mr. Esling and the same month's number of *Lippincott*, another by a Protestant writer, Miss Preston. Of these Miss Donnelly's is the most poetical in its diction, but the conciseness of thought has been sacrificed to brilliancy of expression, and the authoress fails to keep the main idea of the legend prominently before the reader. Were it not for this latter deficiency we would consider this as the finest poem in the volume. And here we must beg leave to check for a moment the current of our commendation, with an objection to Miss Donnelly's occasional misuse of foreign words. They are always as a general rule used in violation of literary purity, particularly when adopted from a modern tongue. In some cases, however, they are in excellent keeping, and Miss Donnelly introduces them with the happiest effect in her poem, *The Poet's Little Rival*, but we must object to St. Frances using a *prie Dieu* in the fourteenth or fifteenth century (we say nothing of her reading her *vespers* out of a *missal*), but the eternal fitness of things is sadly disturbed when the antique symmetry and classical beauty of a poem like *The Two Quests of the Abbot Paphnicius* is broken upon by an ancient Greek courtesan singing a modern Italian *brindisi*. The temptation to use the word we have no doubt was strong, the idea is so exactly conveyed therein, but in this instance the excuse hardly suffices for the fault.

Of the war poems, the only one deserving special notice here is the first, that exquisite piece of rhymed word-painting, *Missing*. We read it on its first appearance in the papers some years ago, and have treasured it in our scrap-book and our memory ever since. It is simply a reproduction in verse of a painting on canvas, which adorned some of our store-windows during the war, and in our opinion is altogether the most perfect of its authoress's productions. There is one passage to which we would draw the writer's attention. If we remember rightly, the last stanza from the fifth to the eighth verses originally read,

God strengthen her heart as the days go on,
And the long drear nights of her vigil follow.
Nor wind nor bird nor suffering moan
May *whisper* the tale of the hollow,

which we deem far preferable to the version given in the book.

The miscellaneous poems vary in merit, yet the poorest of them never descend to mediocrity. We have only

space to quote some of the best by name: *The Sleeper's Sail*, *Unseen yet Seen*, *The Skeleton at the Feast*, *Mother's Corner*, *Called and Chosen*, *Misunderstandings*, *Fiat Voluntas Dei*, *Saint Martin's Summer*, *The Fate of the Fairy Swan*, and, last but not least, in the hearts of many readers, *In Memoriam*, *Rev. Felix Joseph Barbelin.* Of these, *Unseen yet Seen*, *Misunderstandings*, and *Saint Martin's Summer*, are of superlative merit. The last if shown to us with the authorship unknown we should unhesitatingly credit to Mr. Longfellow's pen. Indeed, the similarity of style between America's Laureate and Miss Donnelly is strongly marked through all her book, yet in a way that fully proves the latter's originality. The tribute to the venerable and beloved pastor of St. Joseph's, Father Barbelin, is soul-touching in its appropriateness to the subject, but is slightly impaired by what might be casually considered as a broken metaphor in the opening stanza.

We beg leave also to draw the attention of the authoress to several instances of bad rhyme by the use of plural nouns with the verb agreeing, when the singular number would have served as well and avoided the difficulty.

In freely noticing the few trifling defects as well as the overshadowing merits of Miss Donnelly's beautiful volume, we have no intention of being either disparaging, discourteous, or hypercritical, but rather of doing our part as critics towards removing any, even the slightest blemishes from a work which is so near perfection, that we see no reason why in future editions it should not become completely so. As we regretfully miss from this collection many familiar pieces which have delighted us from time to time, in the secular and religious journals, we sincerely hope that the success of the present volume will be so great as to cause the authoress to speedily follow it with a second one, giving us *all* that has come from her attractive pen. Miss Donnelly, we may say, for the benefit of those who are not intimately acquainted with her, is a talented member of a talented Philadelphia family, and a sister of the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota. To Philadelphians she has long been endeared by her rich poetic gifts, and though her reputation may have been slow in extending to other portions of the country, it is not so much from any lack of power or brilliancy, but rather from the modesty which, ever accompanying true merit, scorns to resort to those tricks for gaining popularity which less worthy but more pretentious artists unhesitatingly adopt. Miss Donnelly is a devout Catholic, and while much of the superior excellence of her poems is attributable to the heaven-born inspiration acquired from her faith, yet there is nothing in her writings to render them distasteful to those who are separated from the mother and mistress of all true art, the Church of God. These beauteous "songs and visionary things" will rather serve to impress the world at large with the superior excellence of Catholicity, and as such we hope and believe that—

> "Not in vain each tender strain
> About the common air shall blow."

We cannot better close this extended notice than by briefly saying that the publishers have done their part towards the success of this book in every way worthy of its contents.

THE IRISH RACE IN THE PAST AND PRESENT. By the Rev. Augustine J. Thébaud, S. J.: New York. D. Appleton & Co., 549 & 551 Broadway. 1873.

This is one of the finest historical works that it has ever been our pleasure and good fortune to read, certainly the most able work on Irish topics which ever issued from the American press, and we seriously doubt if it has often been excelled by the productions of any European writers, even a native Irish penman, for it is a singular fact that its author is a Frenchman, and he has treated what might naturally be considered a worn-out theme with a freshness, a vigor, an originality, and a profundity and spread of thought, which makes of his subject the most readable of books. It is not properly speaking a history, but rather a collection of historical considerations upon a theme which has busied the brains of some of the world's brightest intellects, namely, the marvellous characteristics which make the Irish a comparatively isolated people, solitary in their glory, in their endurance, in their intrepidity, in their learning, in their imperishability, in their faith, in their unstained national honor. In a word, he shows that this nation, despised by the mass of continental Europe, always has been, is now, and ever will be what her most ardent admirers and most enthusiastic sons have ever claimed her to be, the greatest nation of Europe, and, by her growing influence in American affairs, the conqueror queen of both hemispheres. He does not do this with the

senseless and extravagant rhodomontade, which by being too often adopted as the main element of Irish laudation, has like "vaulting ambition overleapt itself." and made a glorious theme disgusting to well-balanced minds. His arguments are so new and profound, and delivered so pointedly, yet so chastely and dispassionately, as to carry conviction in the historical truths he inculcates home to the most prejudiced minds, while those who have hitherto felt no interest pro or con in the matter, can hardly fail to have a substantial enthusiasm awakened in their minds for this fairest daughter of Europe, this brightest gem of the sea. The great secret of Fr. Thébeaud's success in thus convincing his readers, is that he does not content himself with broad declarations and baseless statements, but by a generous and copious use of the why and wherefore of his reasonings, proves that history is indeed "philosophy teaching by example." The keynote of his work is the sentence of Count Joseph De Maistre: "*All nations manifest a particular and distinctive character, which deserves to be attentively considered;*" and regarding Ireland as the best exemplification of this truth, whether viewed by herself or in her relations with other nations, he proceeds to the historical analysis of her characteristics.

To this literary banquet we invite not only all true friends of Ireland, but also all who make the destiny of the human race, as exemplified in the story of the nations, their study.

A Grammar of the Latin Language. By G. K. Bartholemew, M.A. Wilson, Hinkle & Co., 137 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, and 28 Bond Street, New York. 276 pages, half roan, 12mo.

There is, fortunately or unfortunately, as the reader may please to determine, no dearth of Latin grammars. What need then for a new one? is naturally the question; to which we answer, that while there may be no positive necessity for any addition to the present stock, the advent of this one is highly desirable, inasmuch as it is highly advantageous, because it initiates a new era for a large number of classical students, by introducing a new and improved method of teaching the royal language of ancient Rome. It is well known that there has long existed a wide diversity in the opinion of professors as to what really is the correct pronunciation of Latin. Before the days of the so-called Reformation, when the Church was the universal teacher of secular as well as Divine learning, there was but one system of pronunciation, that which we now call the Continental system, modified perhaps by some local peculiarities of speech, but when the insane desire for a spurious reform bewitched the minds of men, then again was repeated in a certain sense the sad miracle of Babel. The pronunciation of Latin became anglicized in the great universities of England, and has in this form ever since been adopted in all Protestant schools. Thoughtful men have however seen the wisdom of returning to the old and beautiful method of the Catholic schools, and the agitation of the question has been sufficiently strong to justify the publication of a book, in which the pure Roman pronunciation, as far as we can now judge of its purity, is distinctly inculcated.

The second recommendation to which this book can justly lay claim is that the verb, being the base of the sentence, is logically treated first, an advantage which we would advise all future grammarians of any language to carefully regard.

The conjugations, declensions, syntax, and prosody are each treated of with many improvements, tending to facilitate their study. The syntax is especially remarkable for its minuteness and copiousness of detailed explanation, which renders the work invaluable as a book of reference, or a class-book for advanced students.

Meditations on the Most Blessed Virgin. By Most Hon. Brother Philippe, Superior-General of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Translated from the French. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet.

We notice with undisguised pleasure, as a most promising omen for the new incumbent of the metropolitan see, that one of his first approbations should be affixed to a work on the Most Blessed Virgin, issued in his own Archdiocese, whose crest bears the fitting inscription, "Auspice Maria." The approbation is happy in more than one aspect. At or about the time of this approbation, the Christian Brothers, assembled in chapter in their Mother House at Paris, refused unanimously to accept the resignation of the author of these *Meditations*, Brother Philippe, an old man, weighed down by the responsibilities of thirty-six years as Superior-General, but the vigor of whose intellect is best indicated by the fact of his having within the last ten years written "Meditations on Our Last End,"

"St. Joseph," "The Eucharist," "Subjects of Particular Examination," "The Religious Life," "Motives of Encouragement," besides a very large number of circular letters addressed to the members of his world-renowned order.

The work under notice is the last in order, and has just been issued in its English dress from the press of Kelly & Piet, of Baltimore.

It is divided according to the festivals of the year; also according to the subjects embraced, from "Mary Predestined to be the Mother of God" to "The Assumption of Mary." Next come Meditations on "Her Virtues," followed by others on "Her Greatness and Patronage," concluding with fifteen Meditations on "Devotion to Mary."

The field covered, it will be seen, is a wide one; original in division and treatment, and differing materially from any other work on the subject.

There is an almost entire absence of any allusion to the much-used field of the miraculous, the author preferring, it would seem, to found his reasoning on certain accepted and dogmatic principles, building on these principles a beautiful superstructure of devotional reasoning, still devoid, as we remark, of anything purely assumed. To pastors whose month of May exercises call for instruction for their flocks, we know not any work more to be commended. The treatment of the subjects will be found in keeping with the middle and higher class of intelligence, while it will not fail to greatly edify even the most illiterate.

Every lover of Mary, and none who are not her lovers can claim partnership with her Son, will hail this new work. Its preface is among the most beautifully worded we have ever noticed, and will amply repay for the space taken up in a partial insertion of its contents.

"The faithful children of the Church, throughout the Catholic world, as well as every true religious, cherish the devotion to the Most Holy Virgin, strive to obtain its true spirit, and observe all the practices it enjoins, because they feel that this devotion satisfies the innermost wants of the soul, opens up an unfailing fountain of divine grace, and procures for us the purest, the most inexpressible joys."

Each meditation is followed by an *Application* of the subject, and a *Prayer*. As a specimen of the devotional character of the latter, we here furnish the dedicatory aspirations of the author:

"And now, O Blessed Mother, prostrate at thy sacred feet, with the most fervent desire and the fullest confidence that thou wilt hear my supplication, I beseech thee, Most Holy Virgin, to accept this work, which has been undertaken solely for the glory of God, thy honor, and the salvation of souls, and grant that its objects may be fully attained. Bless thy poor servant who, alas! has but this humble offering to present to thee, and who is but too sensible of the feebleness of his powers in the presence of so grand a theme. Bless each one of his brethren, whose sanctification he so ardently desires, as well as all who may make use of this book. Oh! sweet and loving Mother, obtain for us all the grace whereby we may prove ourselves thy worthy children, and merit thy powerful protection through life, and especially at the hour of our death.

"B. PHILIPPE."

The work is for sale by all our Catholic publishers.

THE LIMERICK VETERAN, OR THE FOSTER SISTERS. By Agnes M. Stewart, authoress of Florence O'Neill. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 West Baltimore Street. 1873.

This is a sequel, and in all respects, literary and typographical, a companion work to *Florence O'Neil*, *The Rose of St. Germains*. Miss Stewart sketches in this volume, with her usual graceful style, the fortunes of that lovely lady and her gallant husband after their happy union. Another interesting character of the former work, Grace Wilmot, appears again in the present tale, the scene of which is naturally carried over into the reigns succeeding William and Mary, and its plot is developed amid the stirring scenes in which were cast the fate and fortunes of the Jacobites under the standard of the Pretender.